THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their *Majesties Theatres*; and at the Consorts in *Viller-street* in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-street Covent-Garden.*

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the *Harpsicord, Theorbo,* or *Bass-Viol.*

To which is Annexed,

A *Collection* of *Airs,* Composed for two *Flutes,* by several Masters.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Licensed according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *Henry Playford,* and are to be sold at his Shop near the *Temple-Church*; and *John Money, Stationer,* at the Mitre in Mitre-Court in *Fleetstreet.* And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1694.

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A Catalogue of Vocal and Inſtrumental *Muſick*, moſt of which being newly Reprinted for *Henry Playford* at his Shop near the *Temple*-Church.

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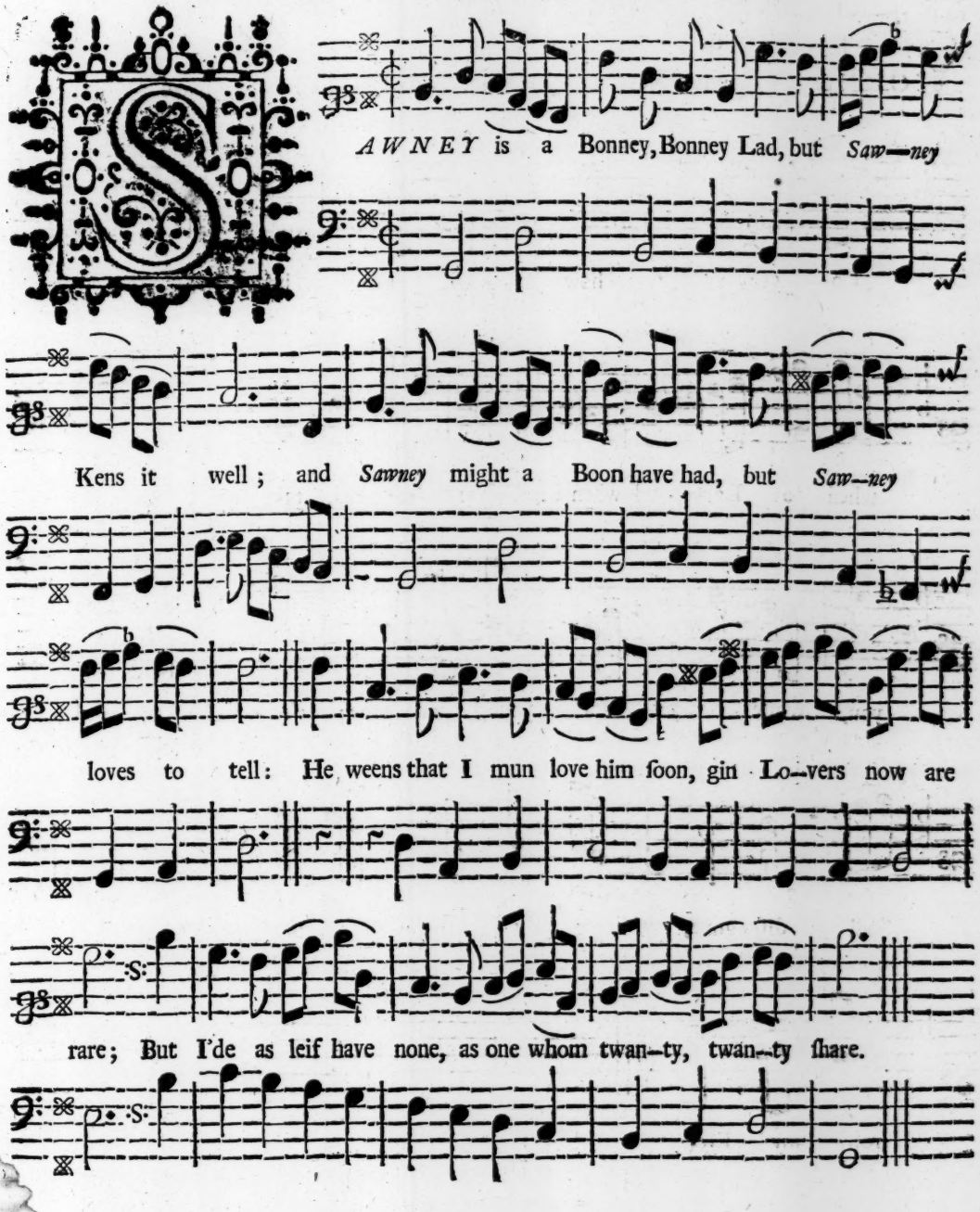
A New Scotch Song Sung at the Conſort In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the Prince of *Baden*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

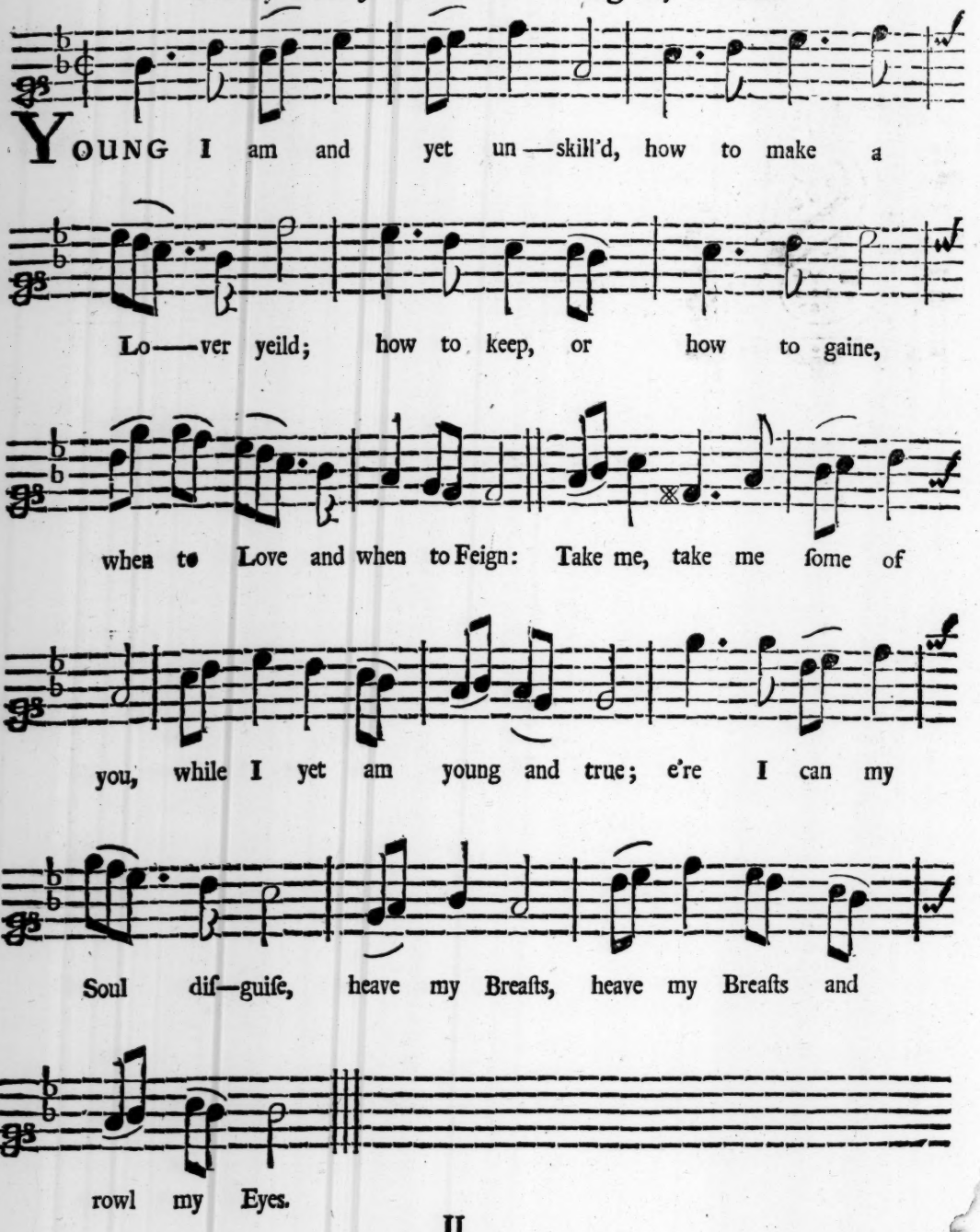


II.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! *Sawney* were you true;
What tho' I ſeem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne're cou'd gang from you;
Yet ſtill my Tongue doe what I can,
With muckle Woe denyes;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
It Boots not to be wiſe.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

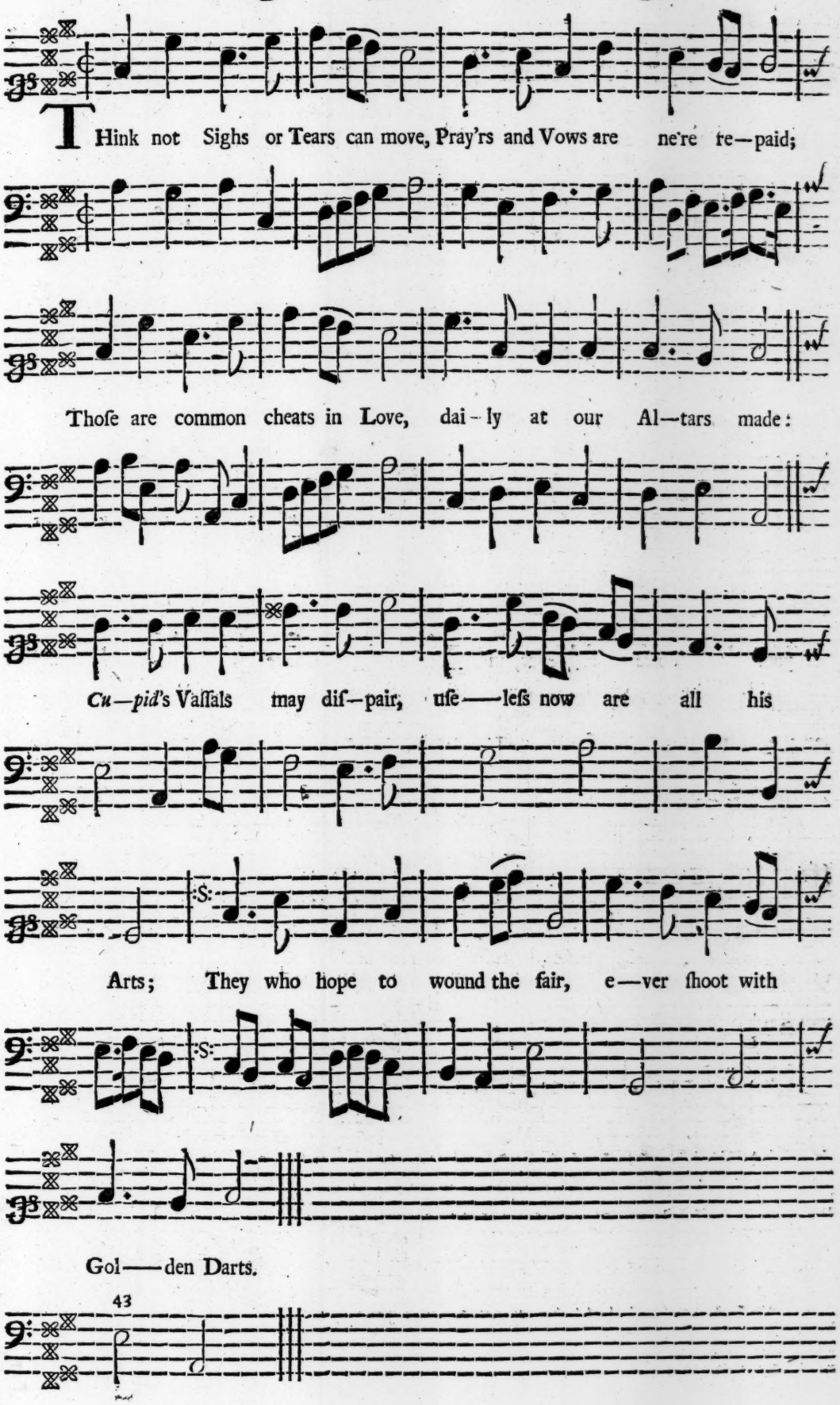
Set by Mr. *John Eccles.* Sung by a Girl.



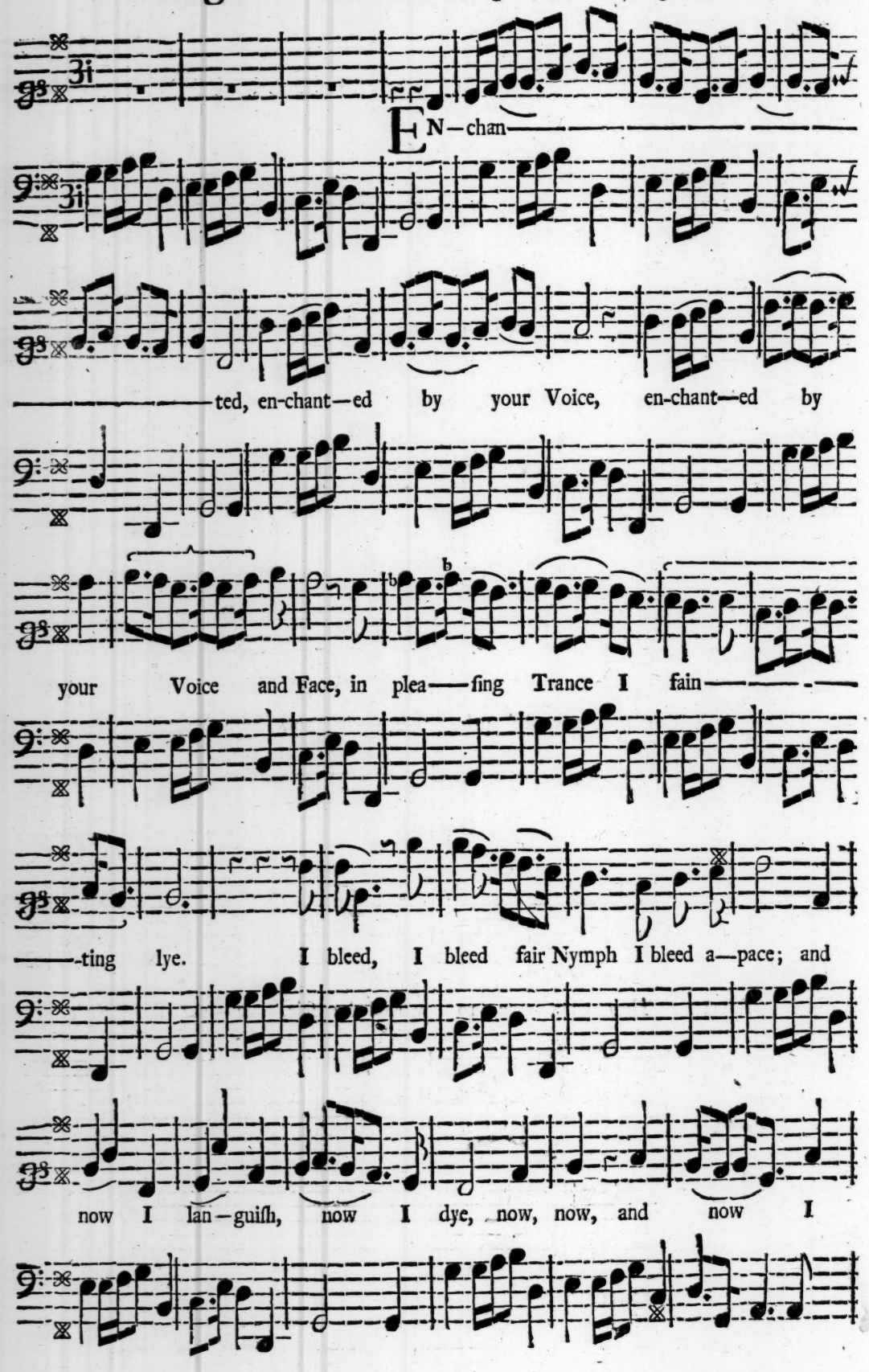
II.

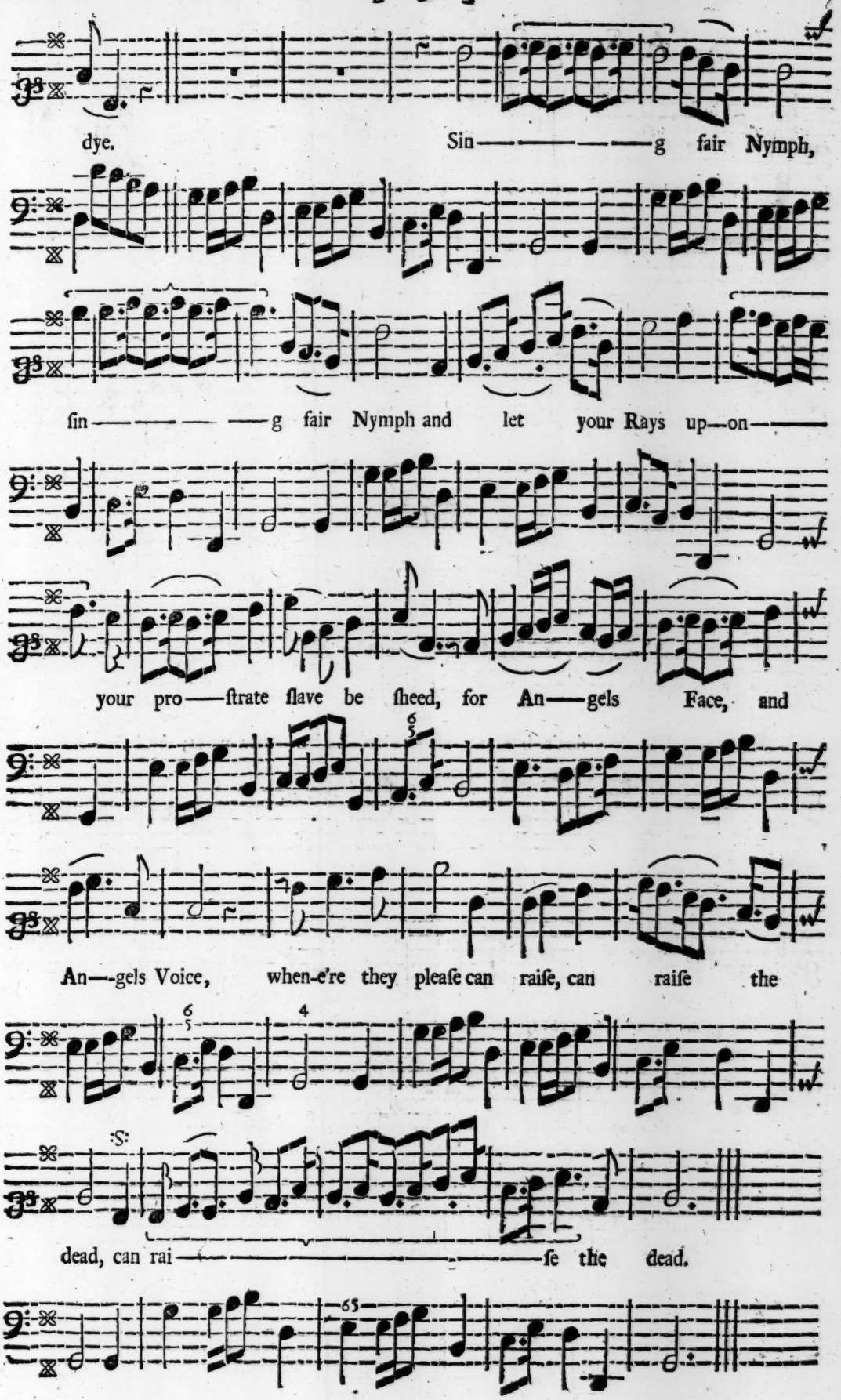
Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt:
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *Jantee* Meen,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Godfry Finger.*

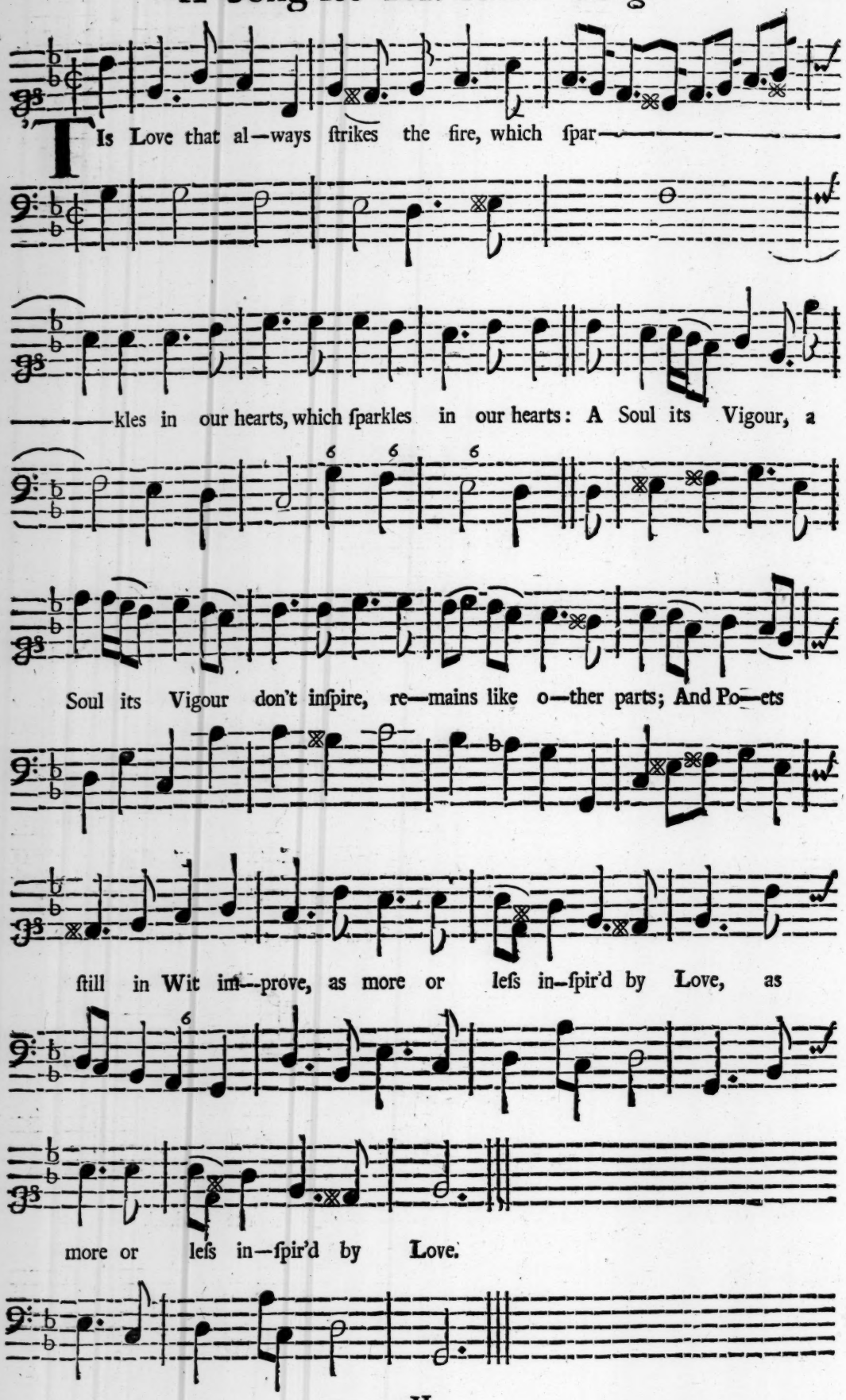


A Song to a Ground by Mr. *Henry Hall.*




dye. Sin——g fair Nymph,
ſin——g fair Nymph and let your Rays up—on——
your pro——ſtrate ſlave be ſheed, for An——gels Face, and
An—-gels Voice, when-e're they pleaſe can raiſe, can raiſe the
dead, can rai——ſe the dead.

A Song ſet Mr. *Robert King.*

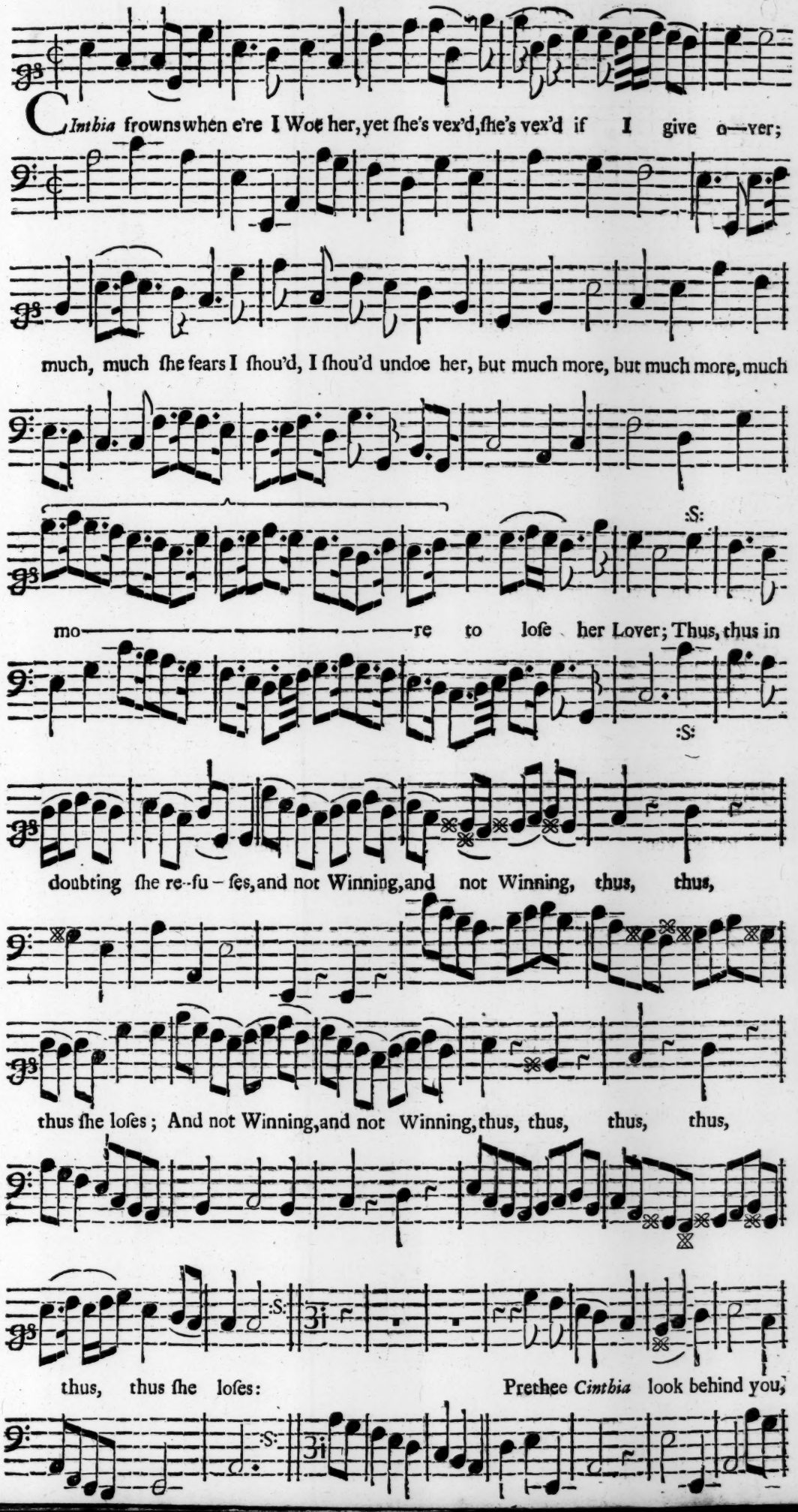


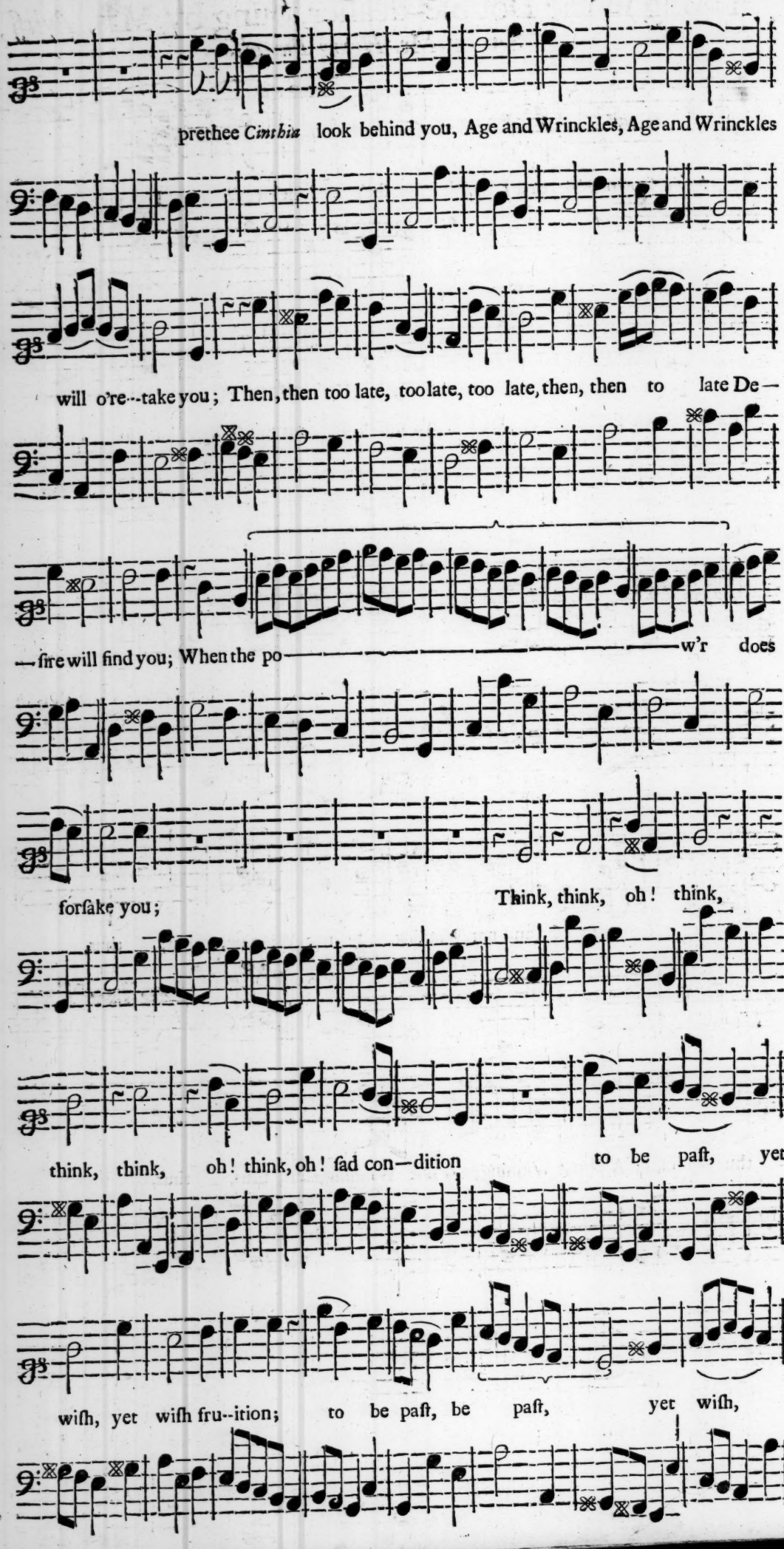
II.

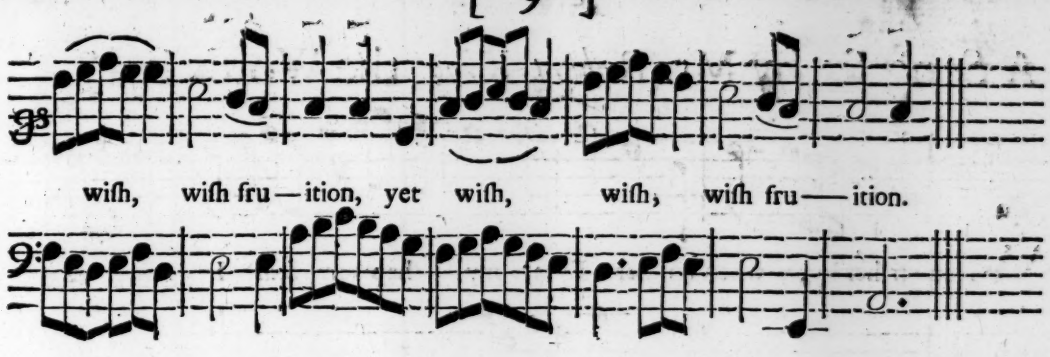
If this be true, as ſure it is,
Can I remain ſo poor,
And of its Portion ever miſs,
Who with ſuch Zeal adore?
Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
Muſt only *Strephon*'s Fleece be dry?

A Song in the Double-dealler, Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*,

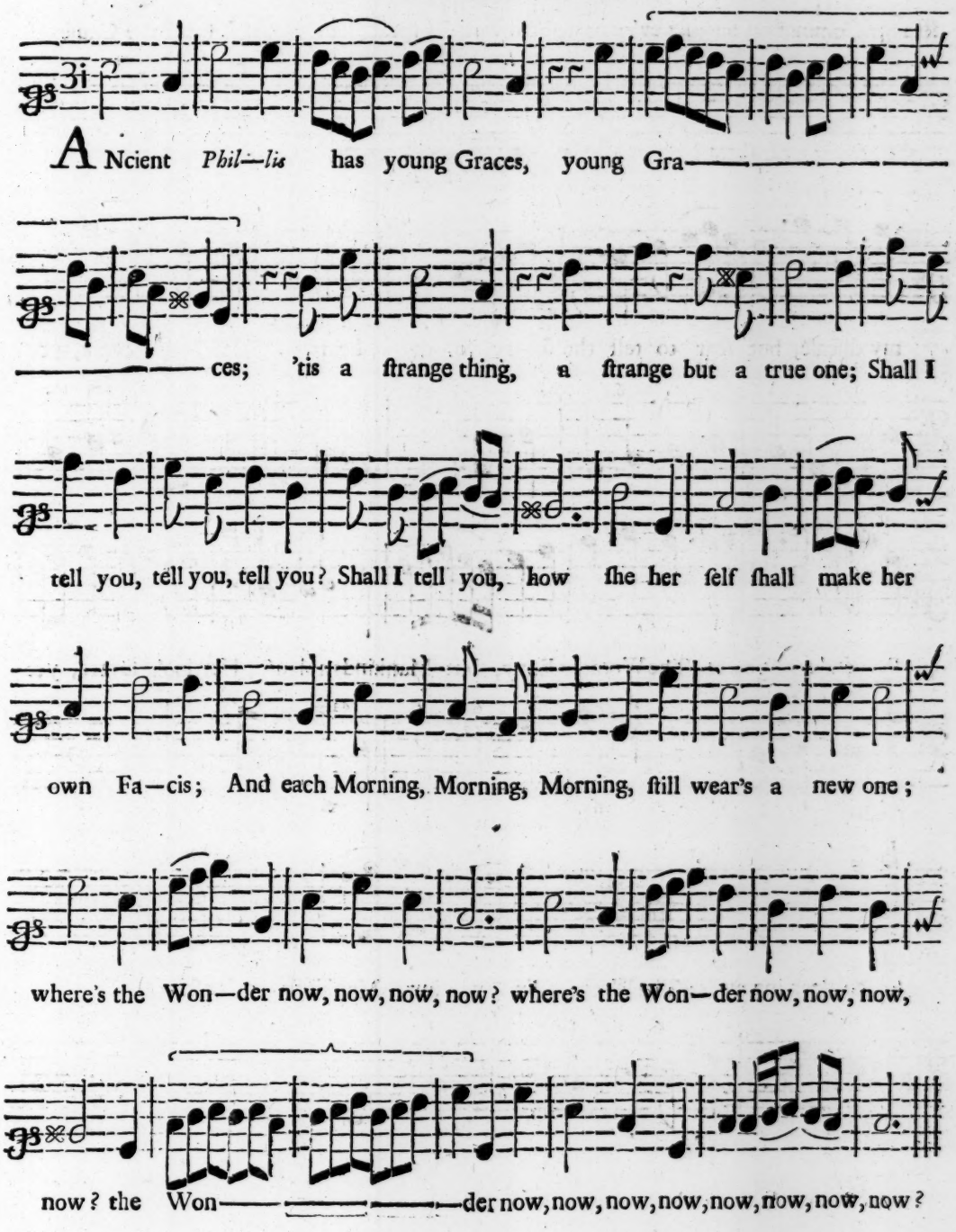
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



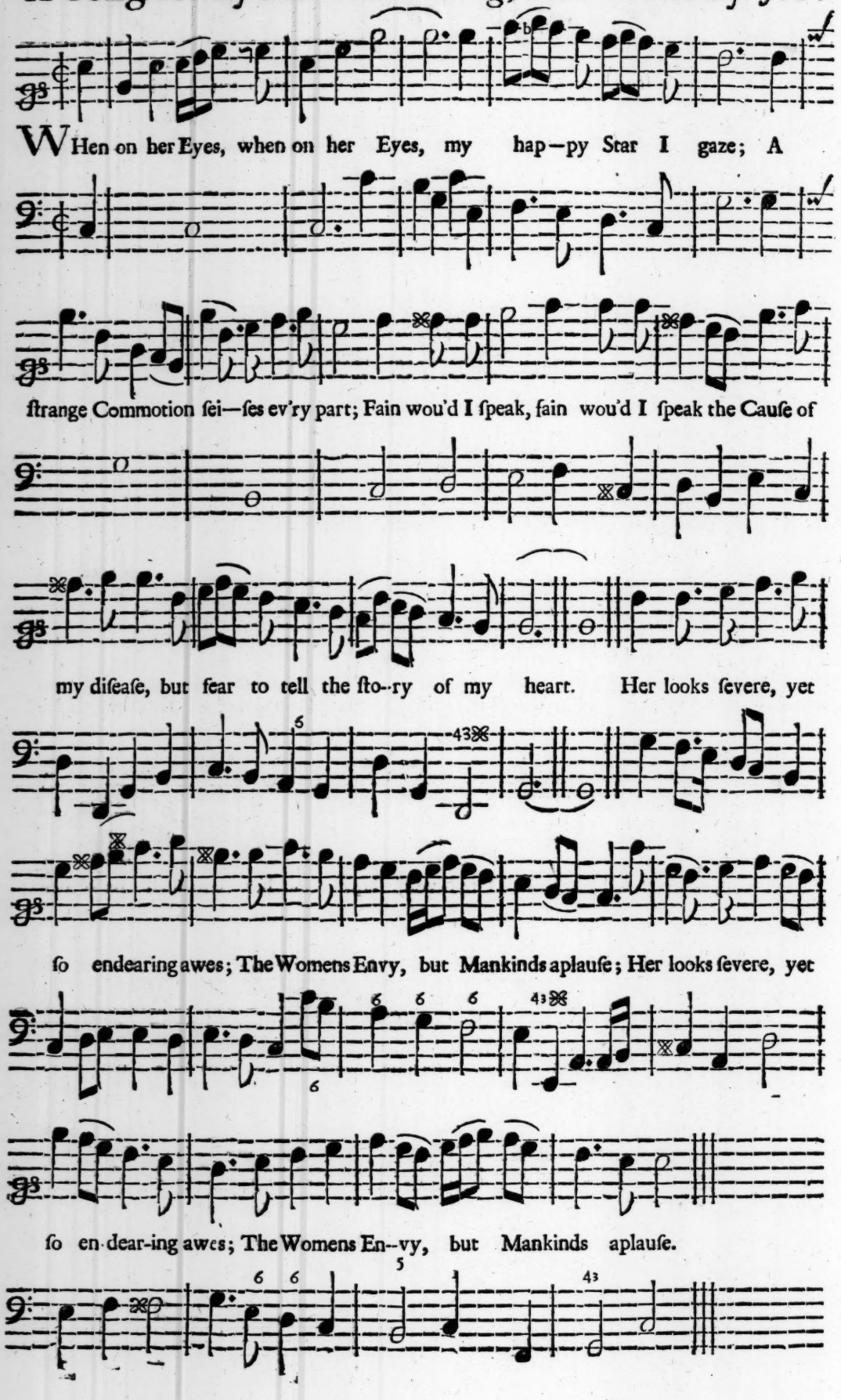

prethee *Cinthia* look behind you, Age and Wrinckles, Age and Wrinckles
will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De—
—ſire will find you; When the po——w'r does
forſake you;
Think, think, oh! think,
think, think, oh! think, oh! ſad con—dition to be paſt, yet
wiſh, yet wiſh fru--ition; to be paſt, be paſt, yet wiſh,



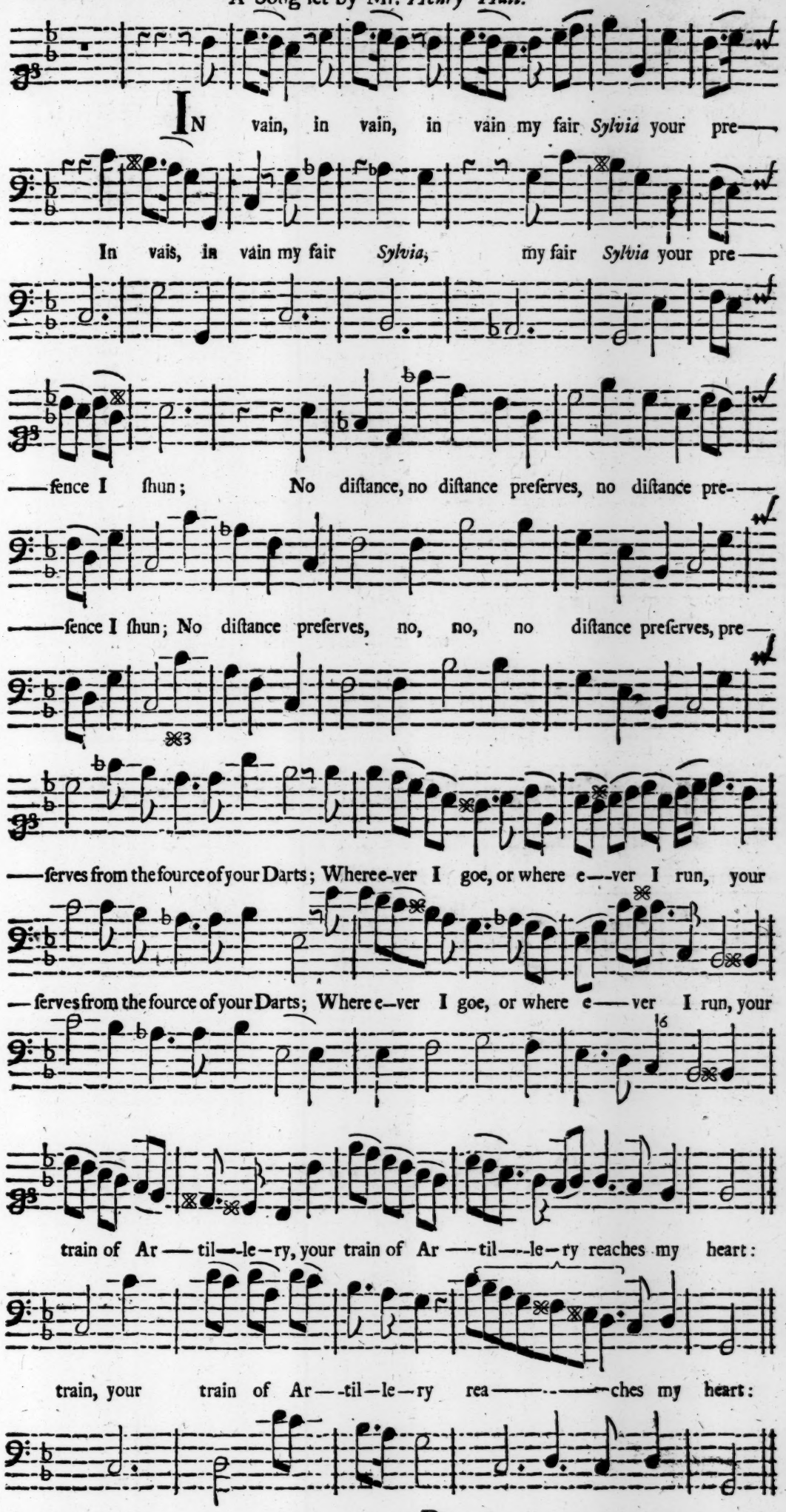
A Song ſet by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd the Double-dealer.

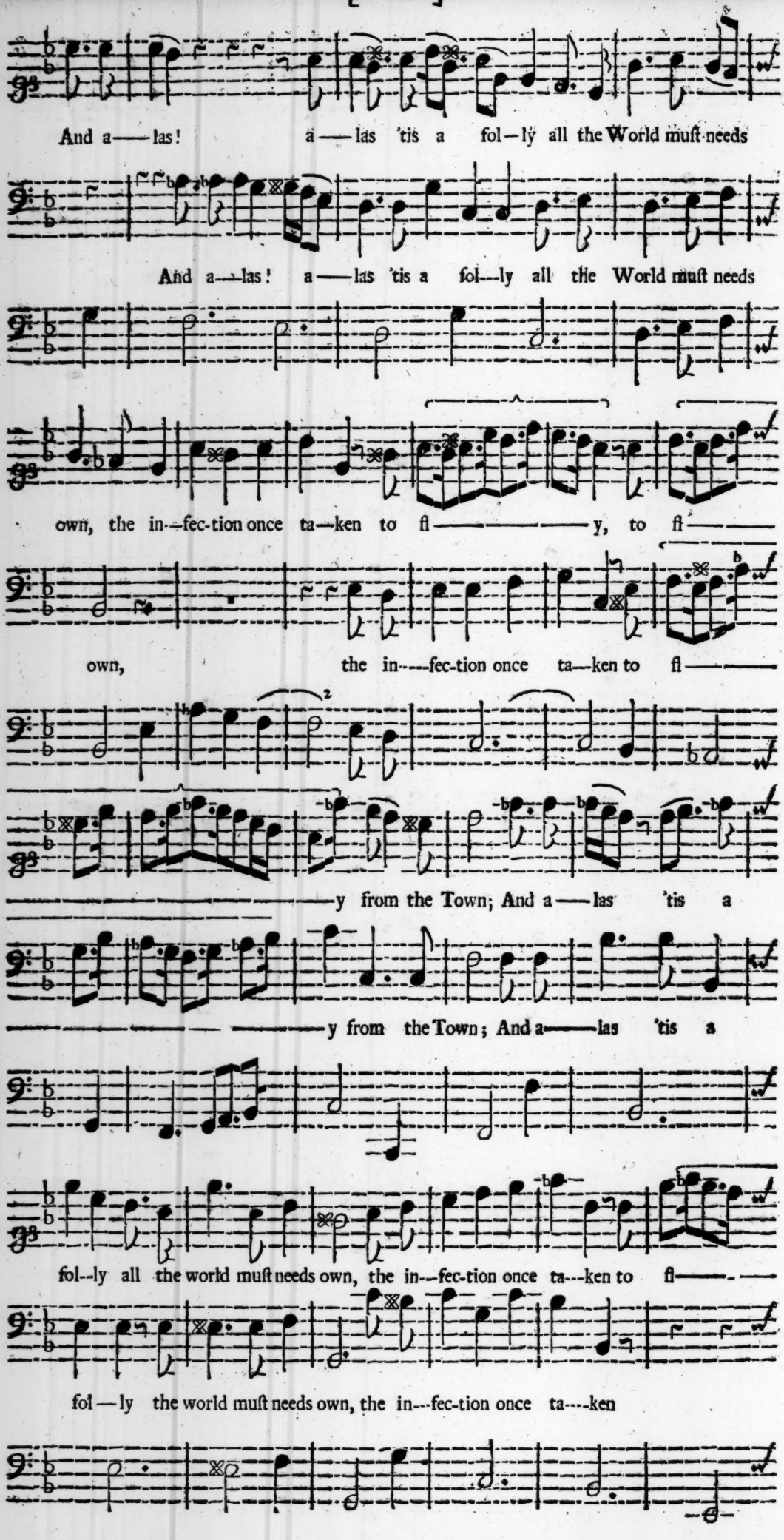


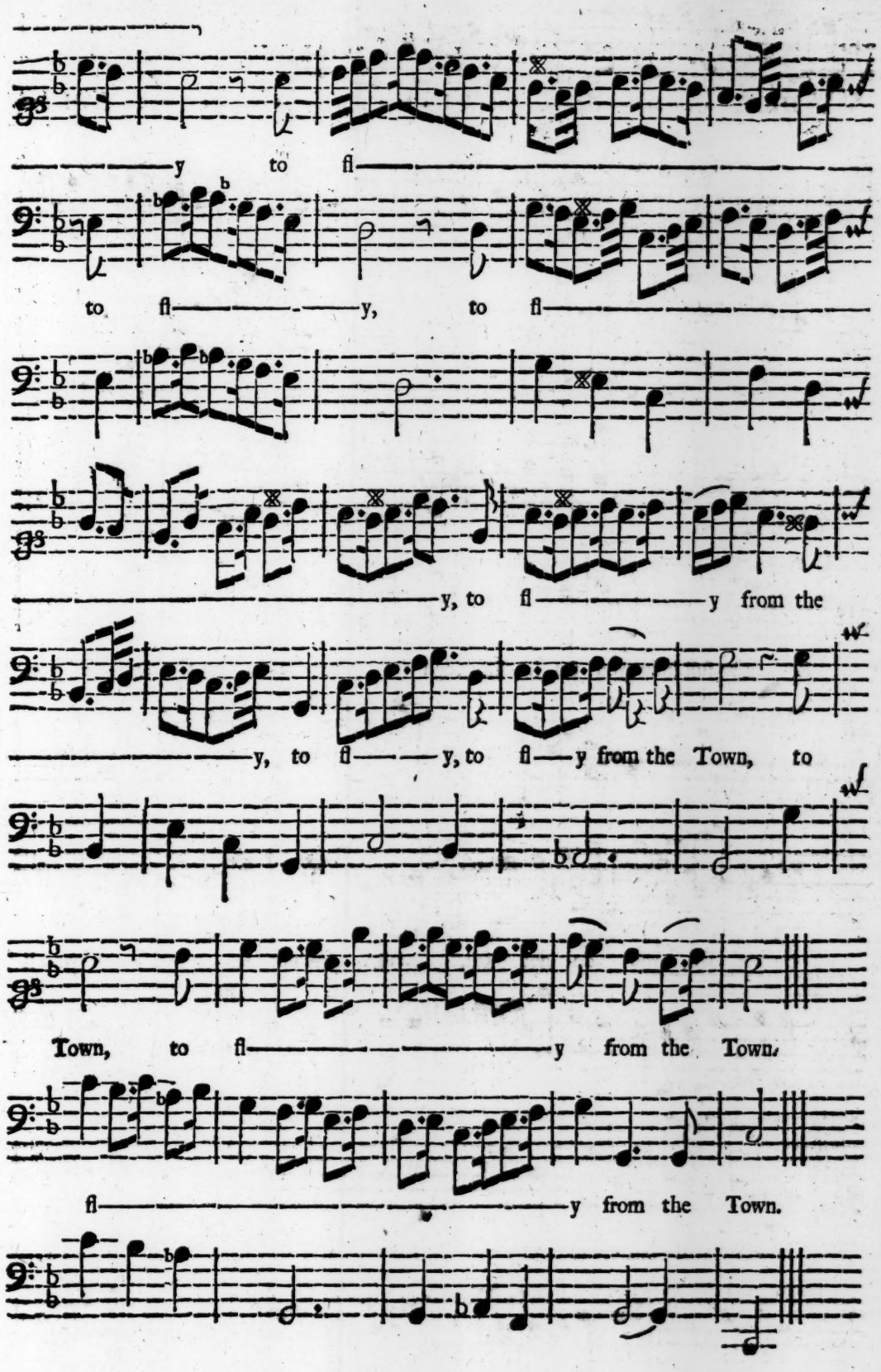
A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, the Words by *J. F.*

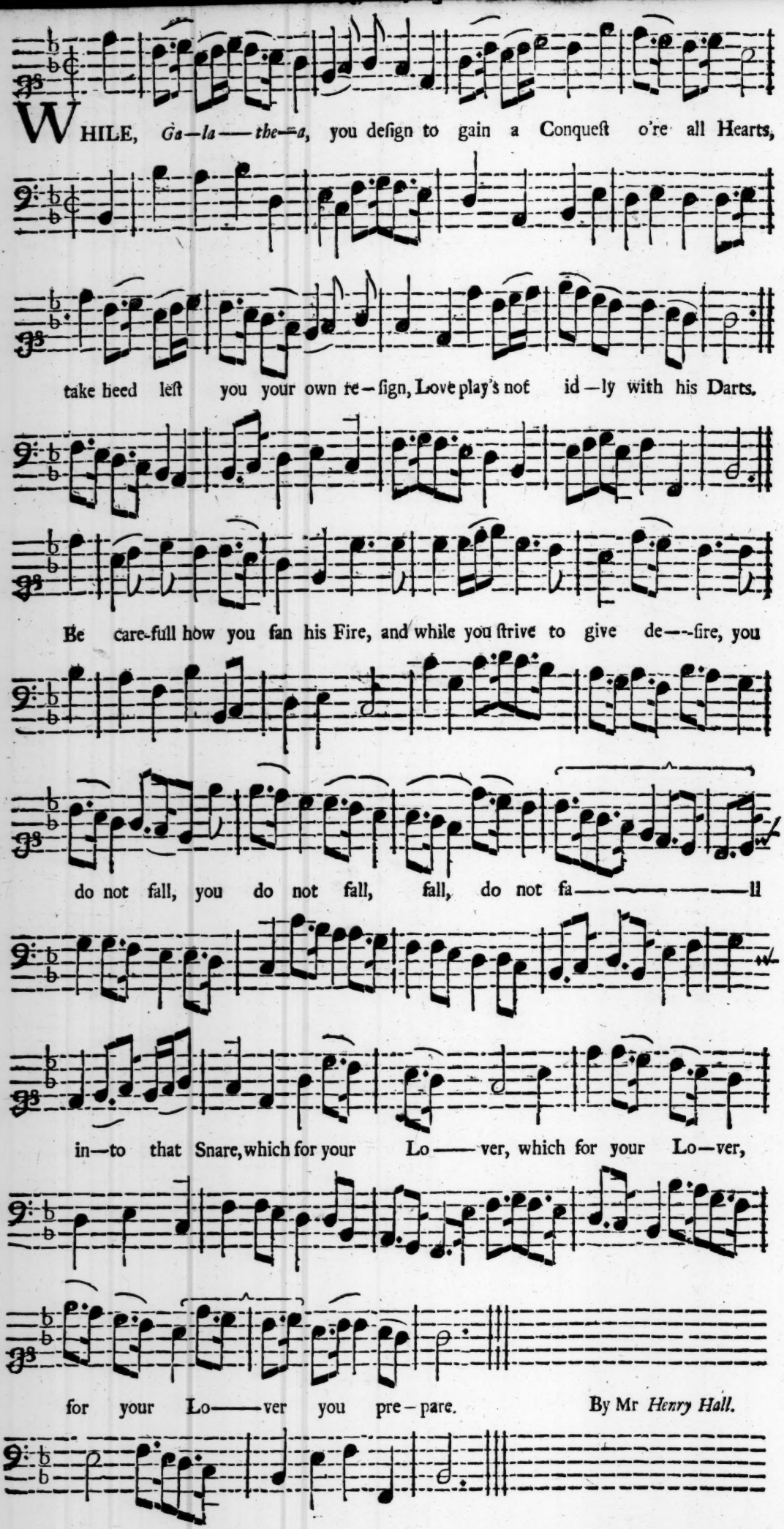


A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Hall.*

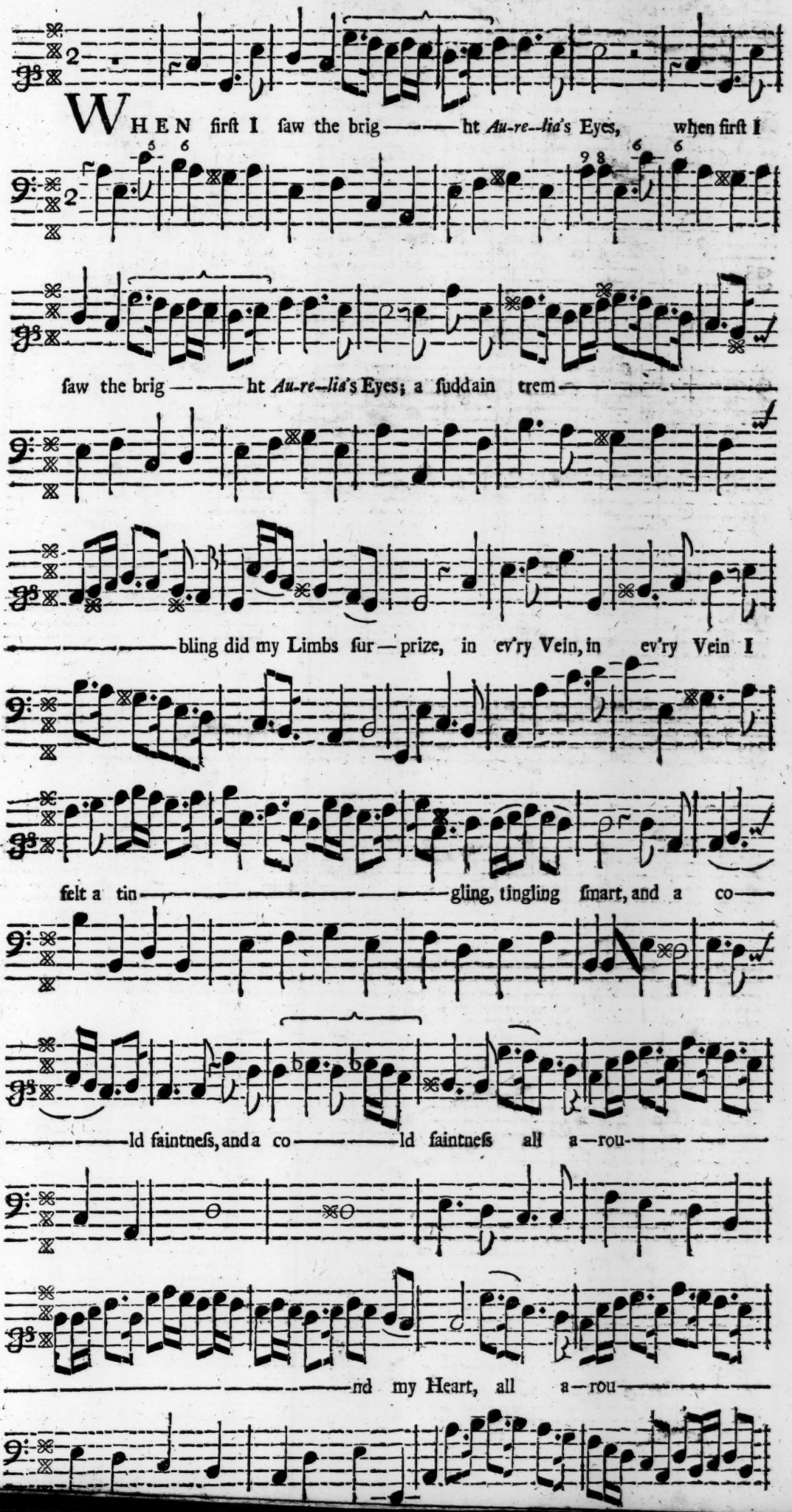


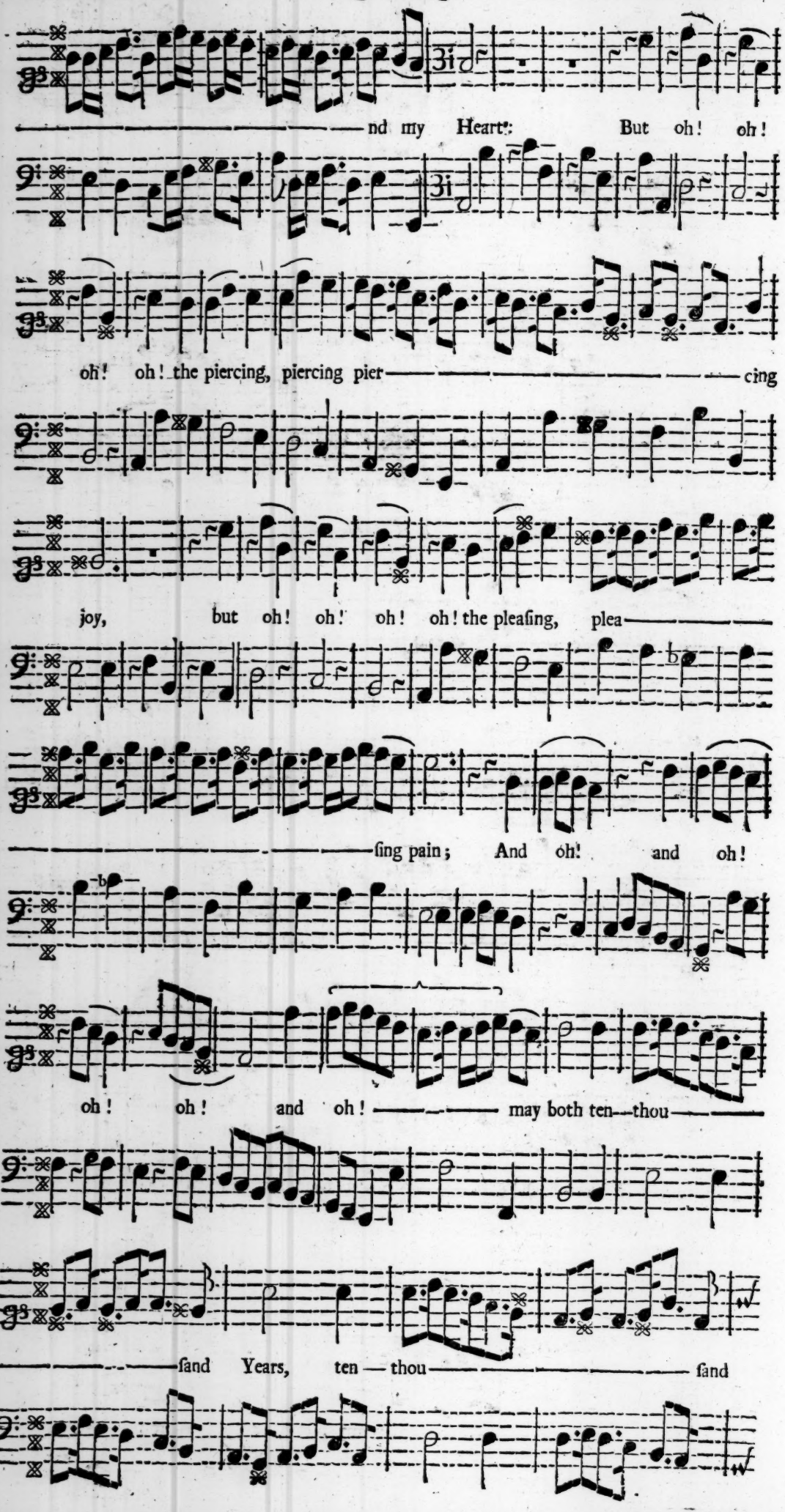

And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muſt needs
And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muſt needs
own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fl—y, to fl—
own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fl—
—y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a
—y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a
fol—ly all the world muſt needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fl—
fol—ly the world muſt needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken

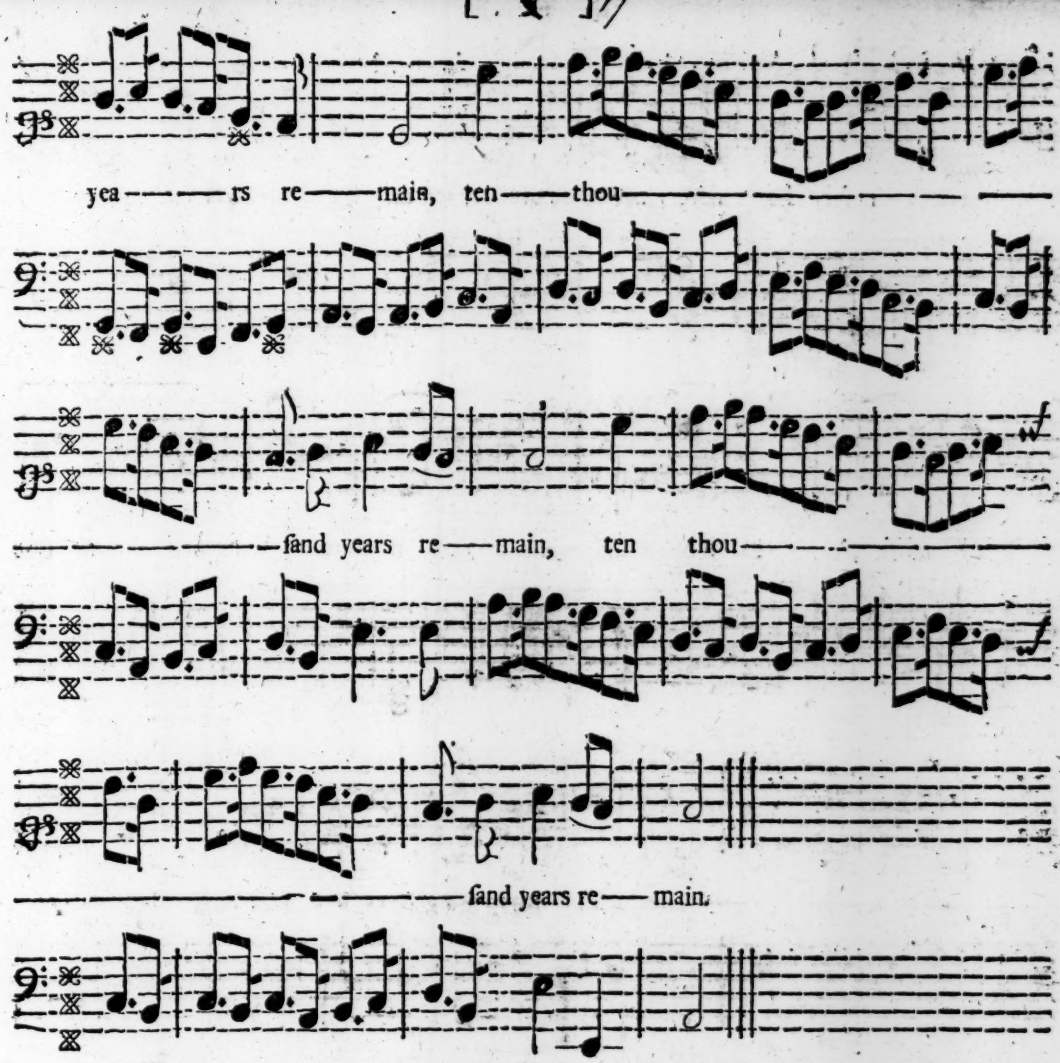

y to fl
to fl y, to fl
y, to fl y from the
y, to fl y, to fl y from the Town, to
Town, to fl y from the Town.
fl y from the Town.


WHILE, Ga—la——the—a, you deſign to gain a Conqueſt o're all Hearts,
take heed leſt you your own re—ſign, Love play's not id—ly with his Darts.
Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you ſtrive to give de—-fire, you
do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa————ll
in—to that Snare, which for your Lo——ver, which for your Lo—ver,
for your Lo——ver you pre—pare.
By Mr Henry Hall.

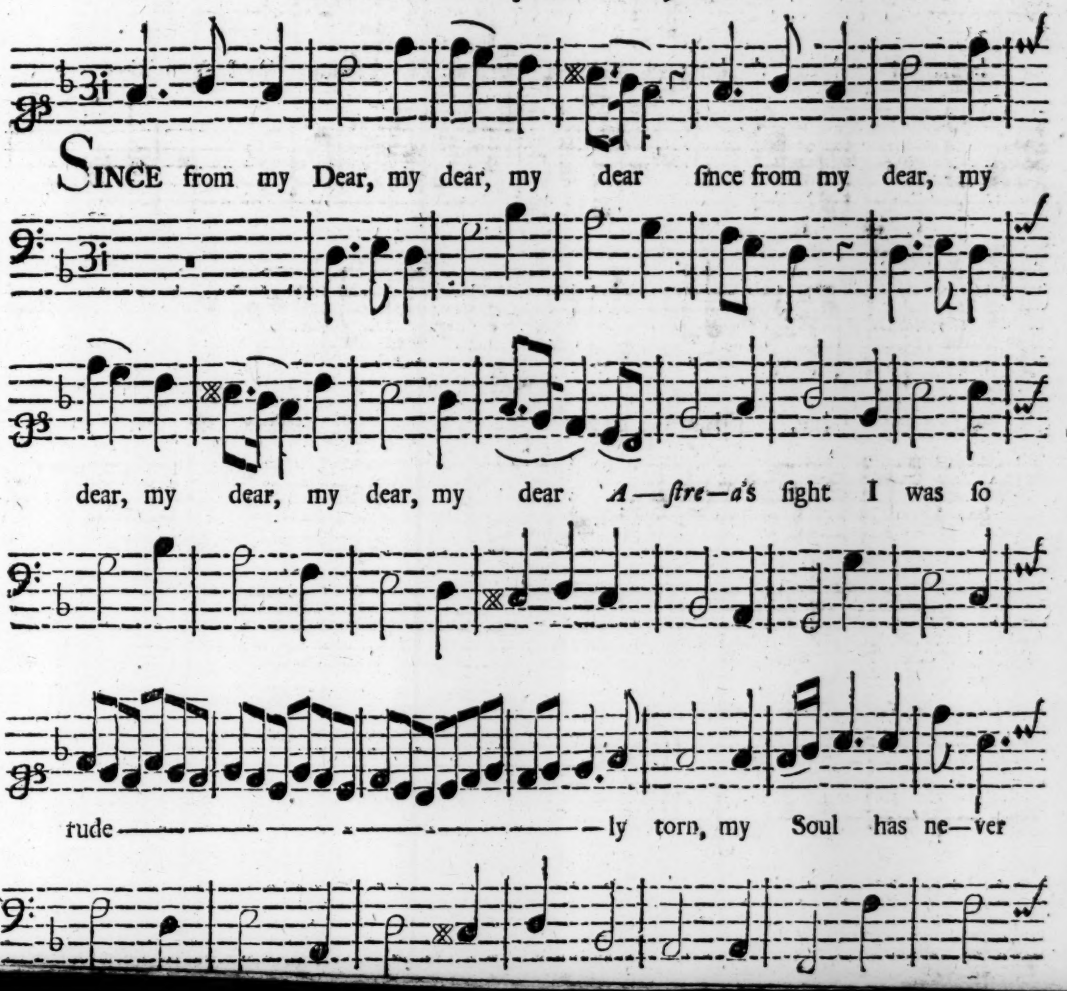
A New Song in the *Prophetess*, or the History of *Diocletian*, Sung in the Third Act. By Mrs. *Ayliff*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

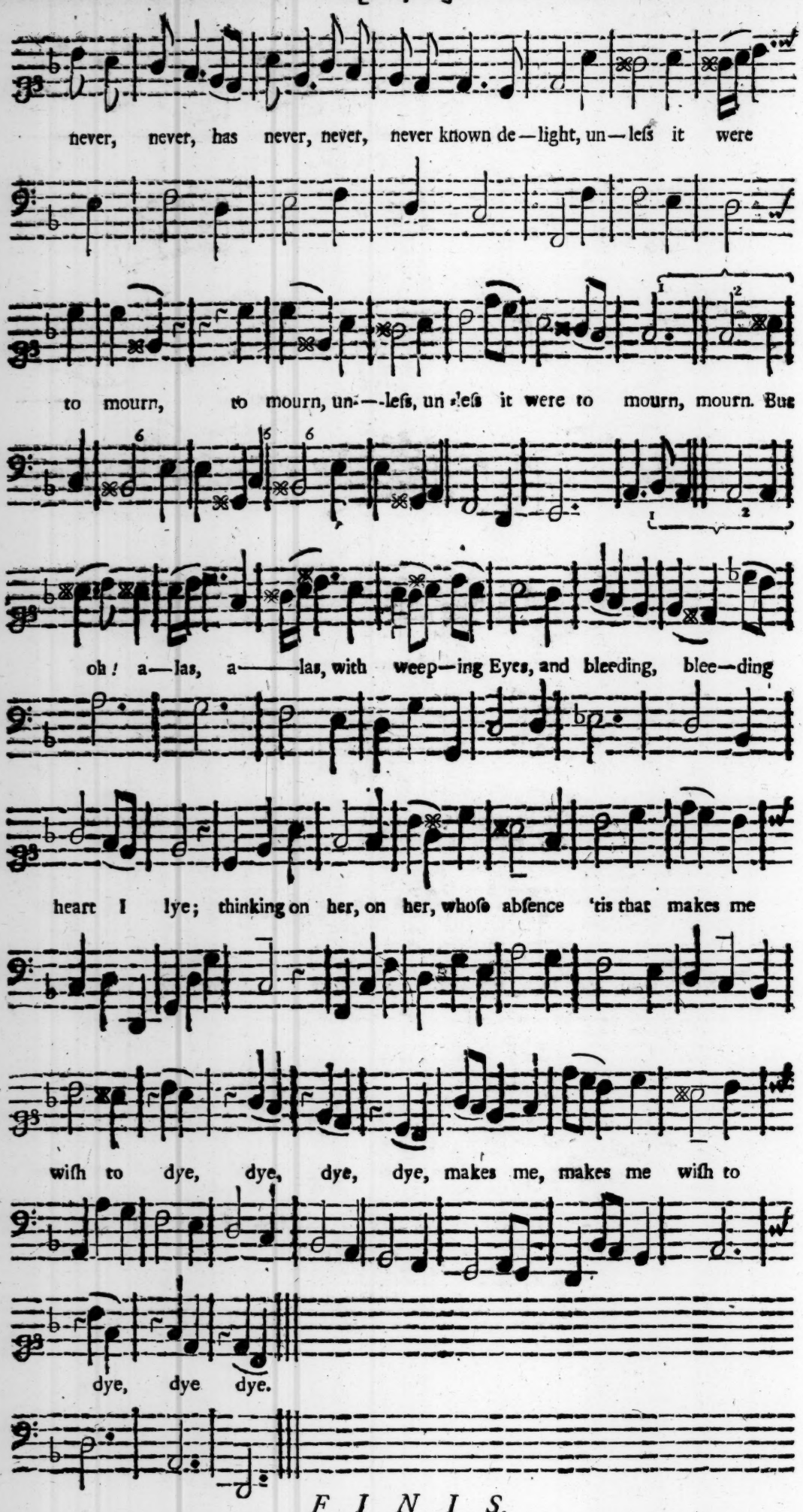



nd my Heart: But oh! oh!
oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier cing
joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleaſing, plea
ſing pain; And oh! and oh!
oh! oh! and oh! may both ten thou
ſand Years, ten thou ſand

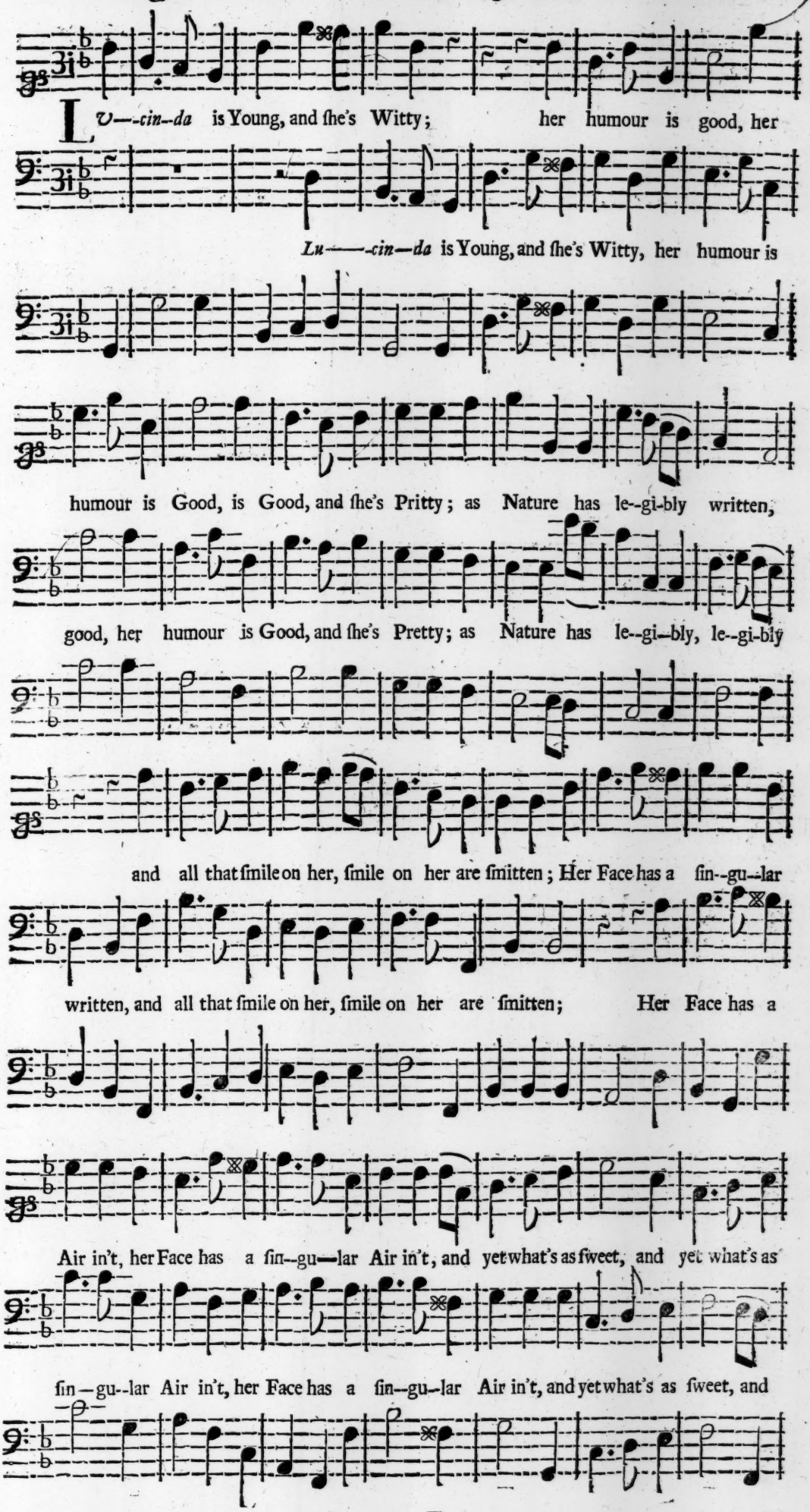


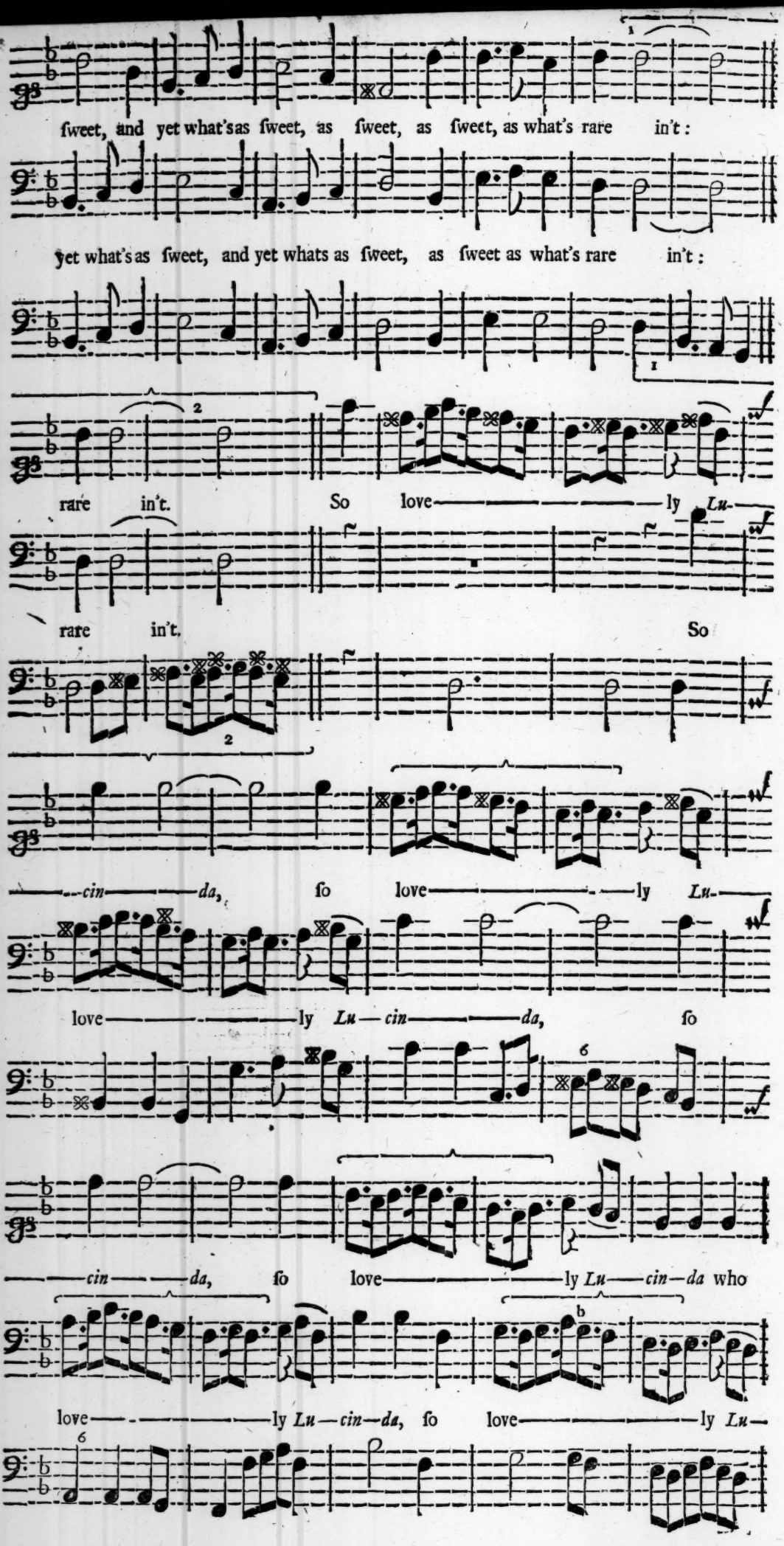
A New Song in the *Propheteſs*, or the Hiſtory of *Dioclesian*. Sung in the laſt Act. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

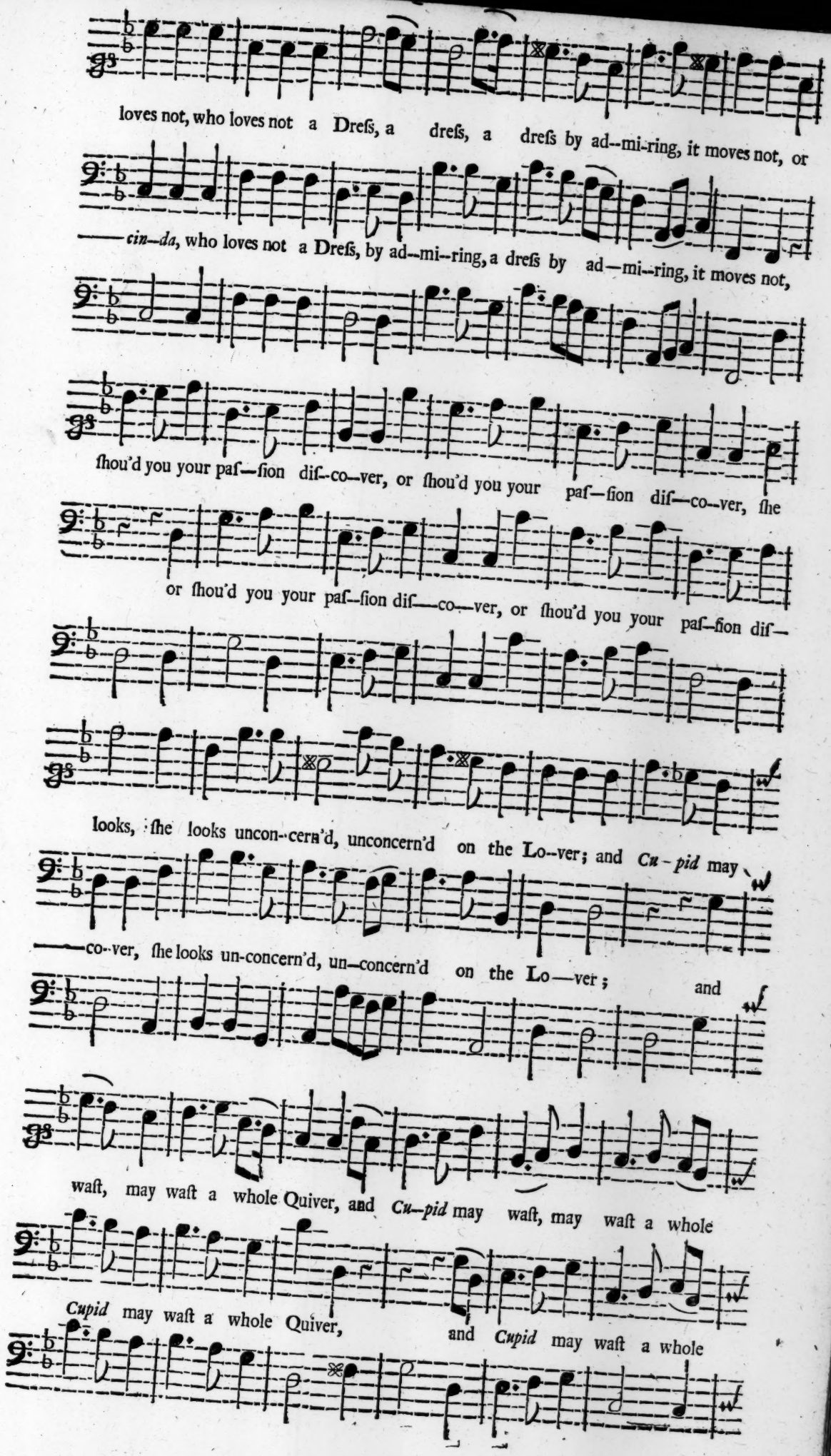


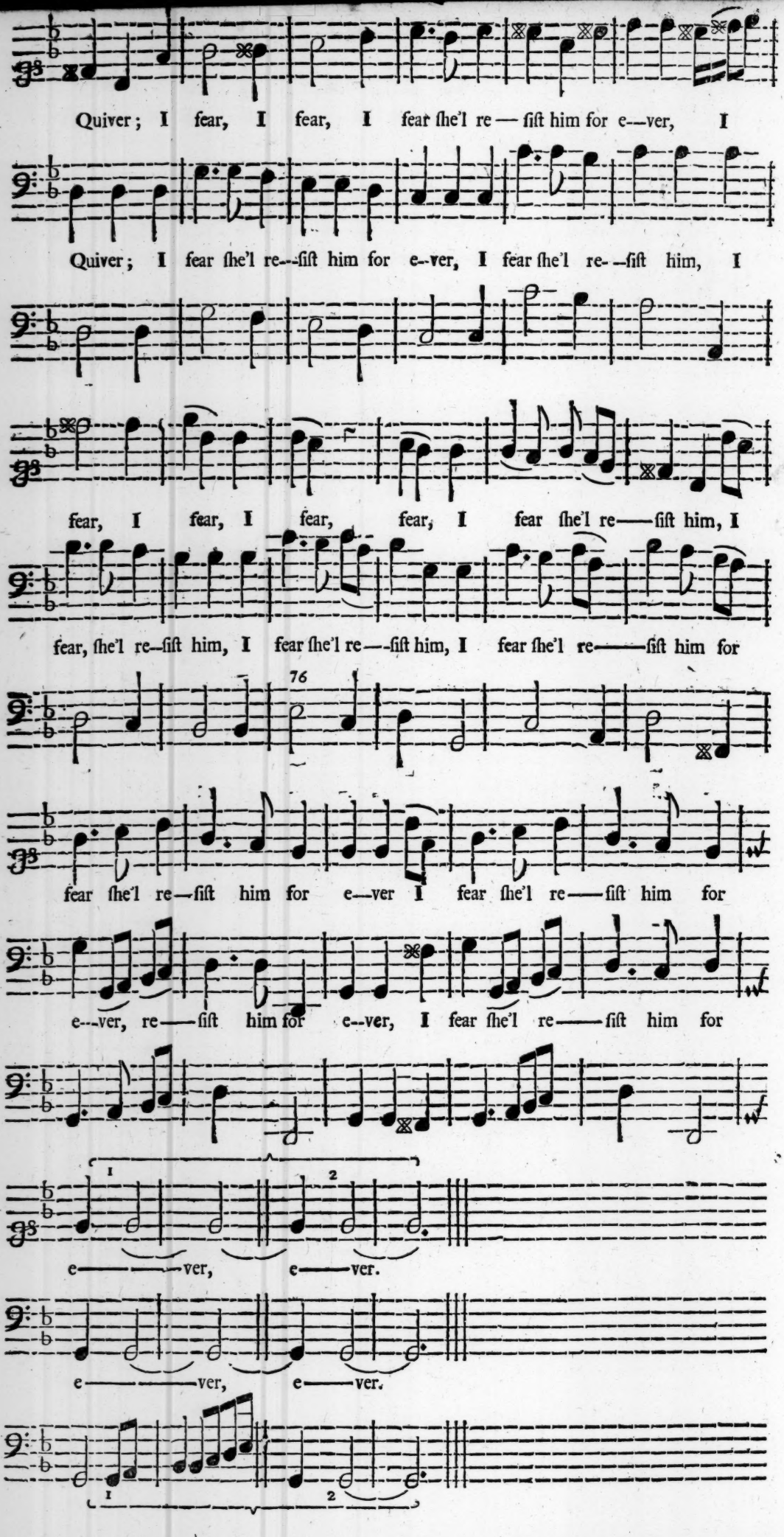

never, never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—leſs it were
to mourn, to mourn, un-—leſs, un leſs it were to mourn, mourn. But
oh! a—las, a———las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, blee—ding
heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whoſe abſence 'tis that makes me
wiſh to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wiſh to
dye, dye dye.

F I N I S.

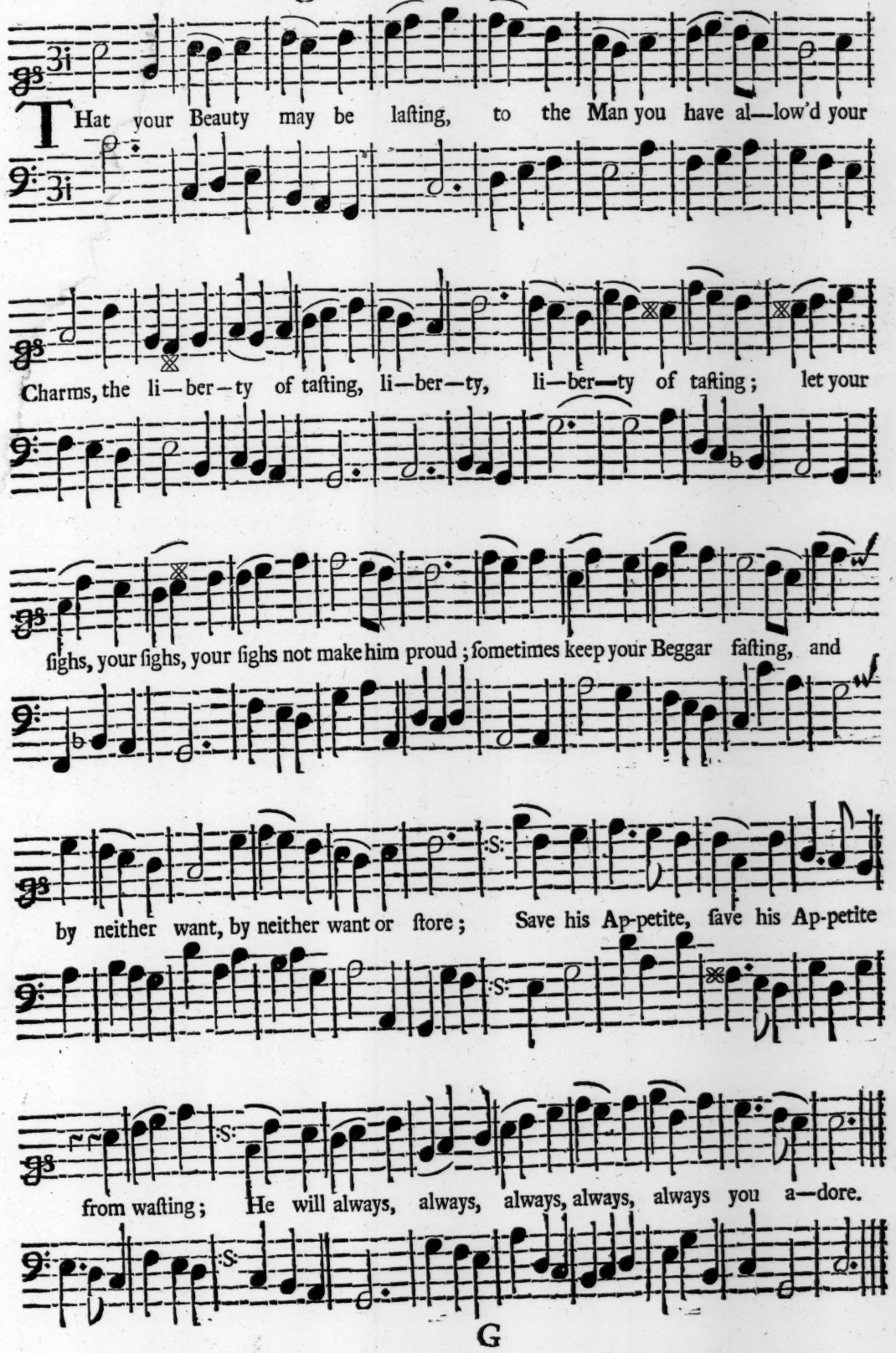

Lu--cin--da is Young, and ſhe's Witty; her humour is good, her
Lu---cin--da is Young, and ſhe's Witty, her humour is
humour is Good, is Good, and ſhe's Pritty; as Nature has le--gi--bly written,
good, her humour is Good, and ſhe's Pretty; as Nature has le--gi--bly, le--gi--bly
and all that ſmile on her, ſmile on her are ſmitten; Her Face has a ſin--gu--lar
written, and all that ſmile on her, ſmile on her are ſmitten; Her Face has a
Air in't, her Face has a ſin--gu--lar Air in't, and yet what's as ſweet, and yet what's as
ſin--gu--lar Air in't, her Face has a ſin--gu--lar Air in't, and yet what's as ſweet, and


ſweet, and yet what's as ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet, as what's rare in't:
yet what's as ſweet, and yet whats as ſweet, as ſweet as what's rare in't:
rare in't. So love ly Lu
rare in't. So
cin da, ſo love ly Lu
love ly Lu cin da, ſo
cin da, ſo love ly Lu cin da who
love ly Lu cin da, ſo love ly Lu

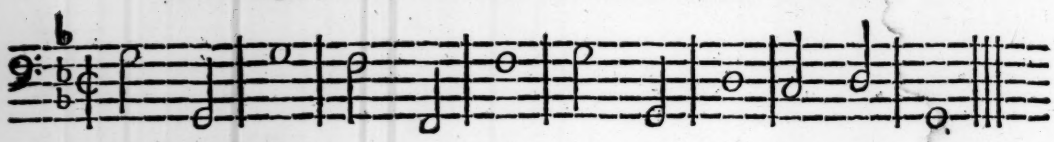

loves not, who loves not a Dreſs, a dreſs, a dreſs by ad--mi-ring, it moves not, or
——*cin--da*, who loves not a Dreſs, by ad--mi--ring, a dreſs by ad—mi--ring, it moves not,
ſhou'd you your paſ—ſion diſ--co--ver, or ſhou'd you your paſ—ſion diſ—co--ver, ſhe
or ſhou'd you your paſ--ſion diſ—co—ver, or ſhou'd you your paſ-ſion diſ-
looks, ſhe looks uncon--cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo--ver; and *Cu-pid* may
——co--ver, ſhe looks un-concern'd, un—concern'd on the Lo—ver; and
waſt, may waſt a whole Quiver, and *Cu--pid* may waſt, may waſt a whole
Cupid may waſt a whole Quiver, and *Cupid* may waſt a whole


Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear ſhe'l re — ſiſt him for e--ver, I
Quiver; I fear ſhe'l re--ſiſt him for e--ver, I fear ſhe'l re--ſiſt him, I
fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him, I
fear, ſhe'l re--ſiſt him, I fear ſhe'l re—-ſiſt him, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for
76
fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him for e—ver I fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him for
e---ver, re—ſiſt him for e--ver, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for
1
2
e——ver, e——ver.
e——ver, e——ver.
1
2

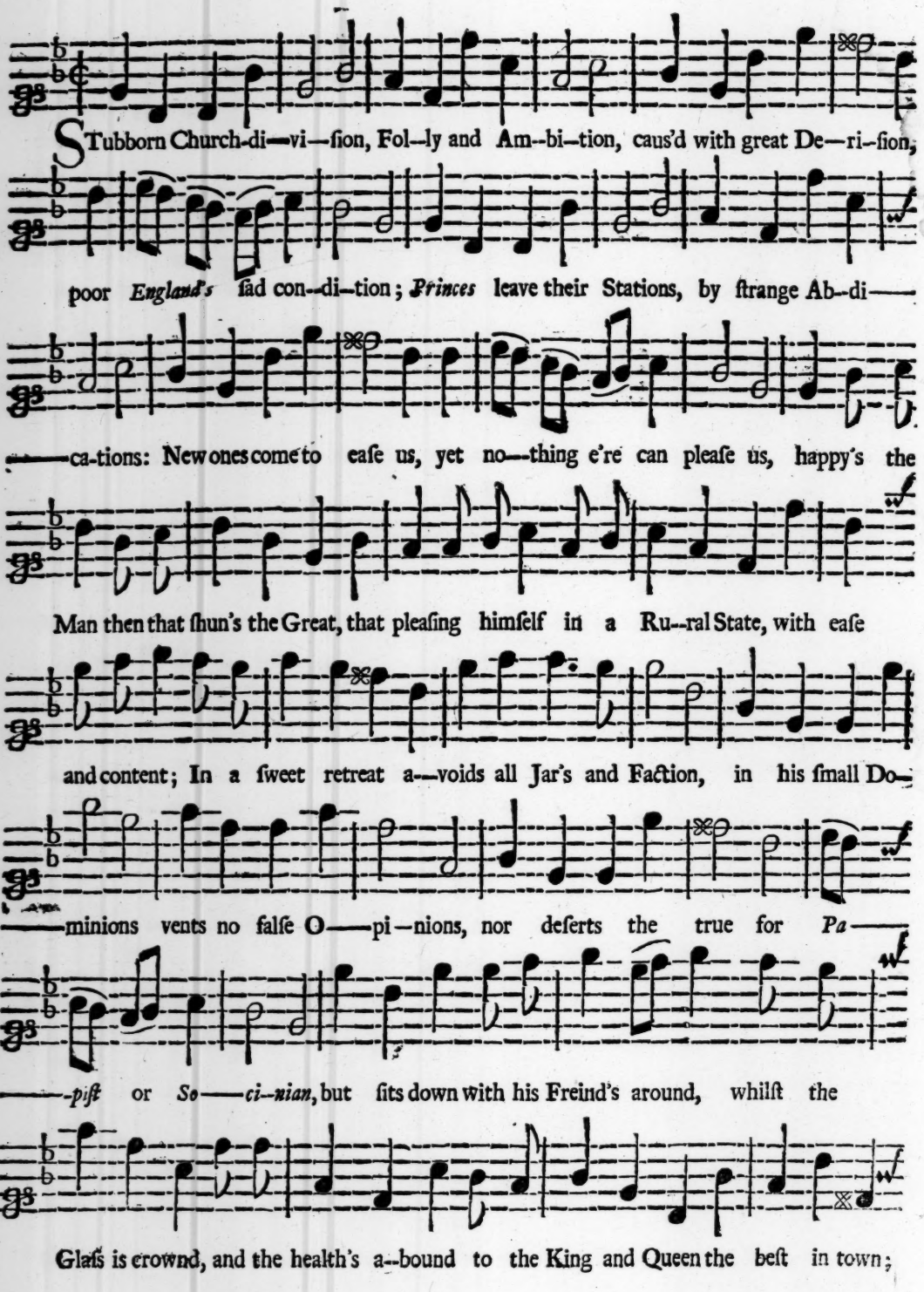
A Song ſet by Collonel *Pack.*

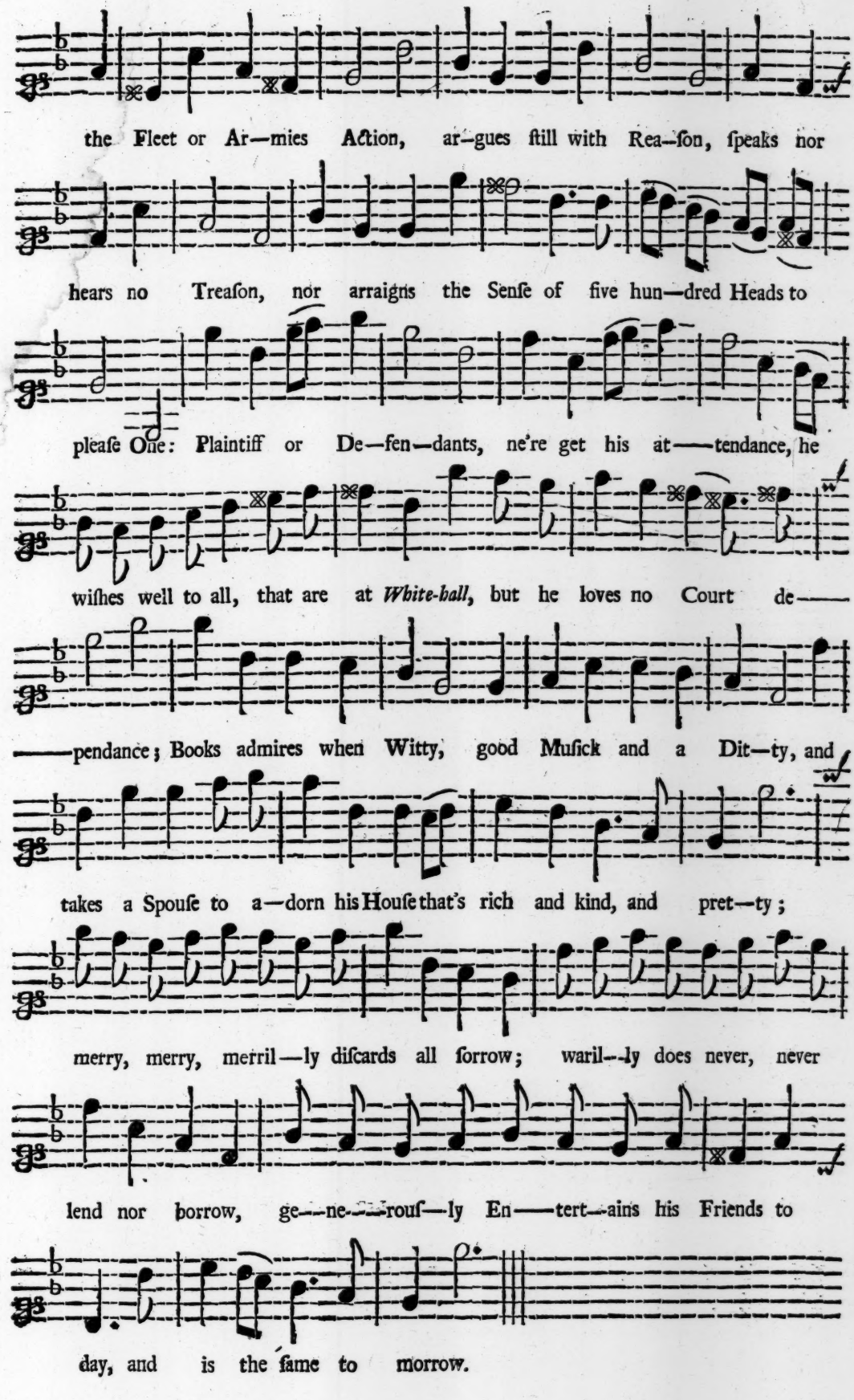


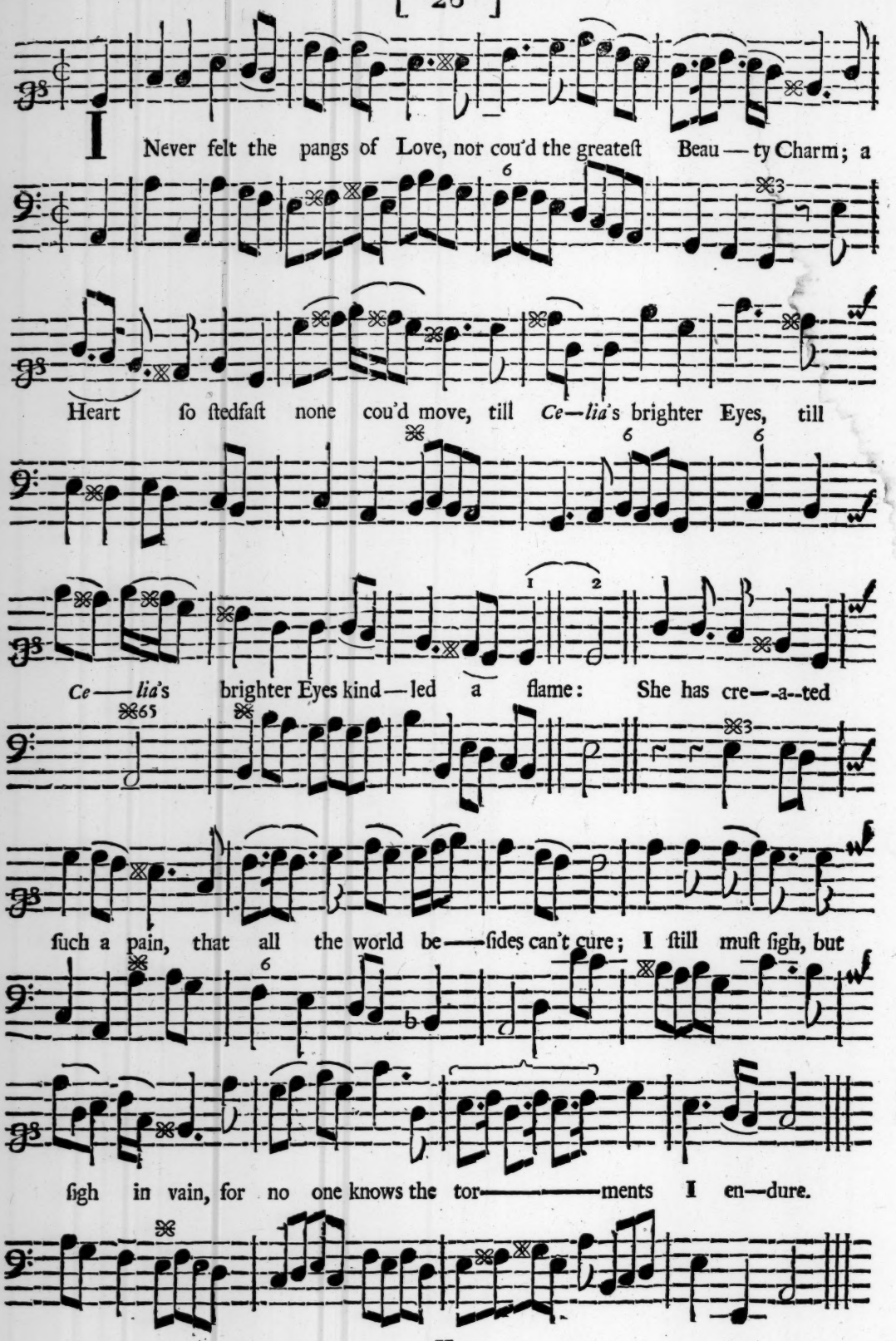
A New Song in the *Richmond-Heireſs*, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*, to a Ground of Mr. *Solomon Eccles.*



The Ground Baſs.



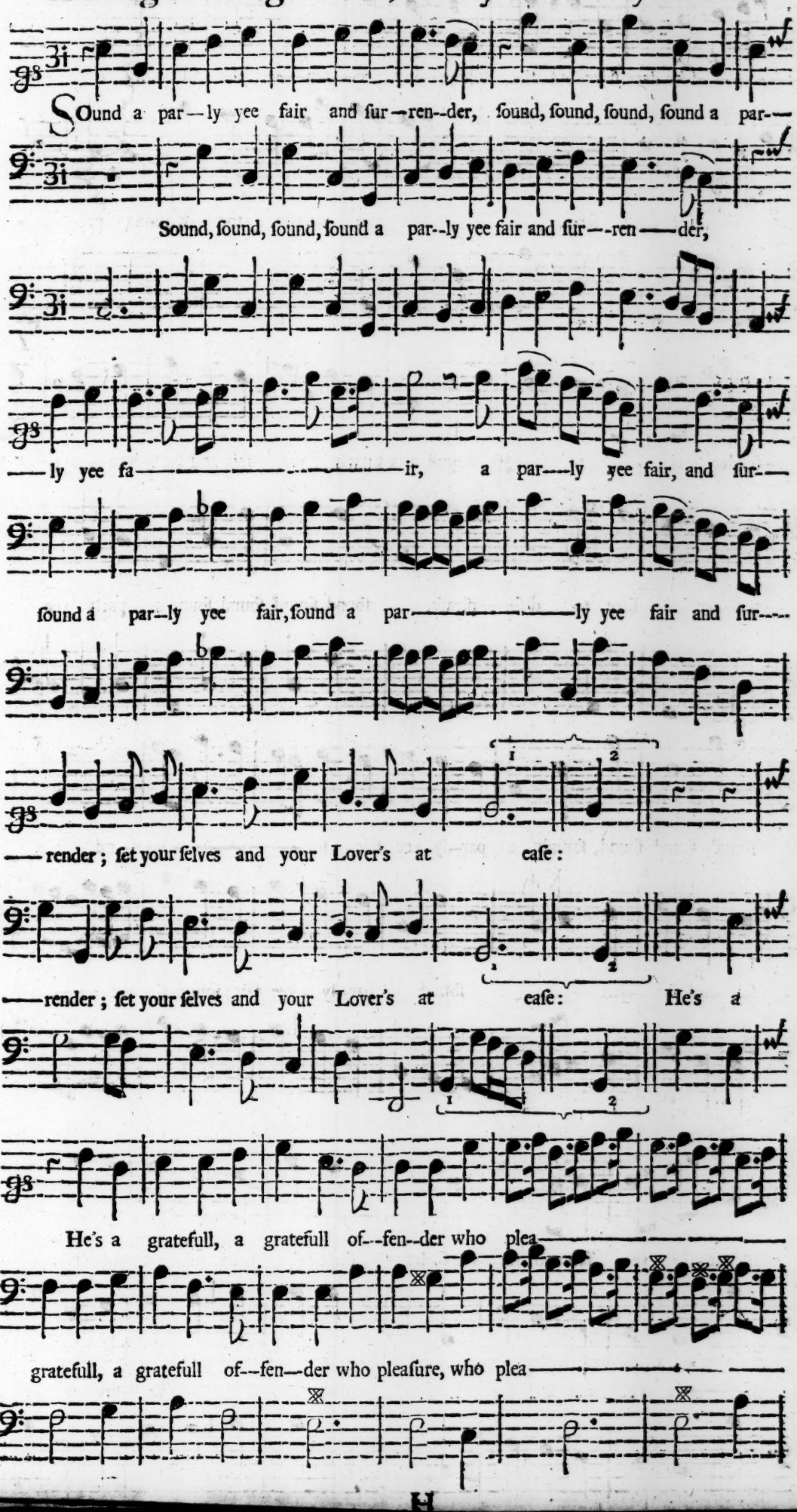

the Fleet or Ar—mies Action, ar—gues ſtill with Rea—ſon, ſpeaks nor
hears no Treaſon, nor arraigns the Senſe of five hun—dred Heads to
pleaſe One: Plaintiff or De—fen—dants, ne're get his at——tendance, he
wiſhes well to all, that are at *White-hall*, but he loves no Court de——
——pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Muſick and a Dit—ty, and
takes a Spouſe to a—dorn his Houſe that's rich and kind, and pret—ty;
merry, merry, merril—ly diſcards all ſorrow; waril—ly does never, never
lend nor borrow, ge——ne——rouſ—ly En——tert—ains his Friends to
day, and is the ſame to morrow.

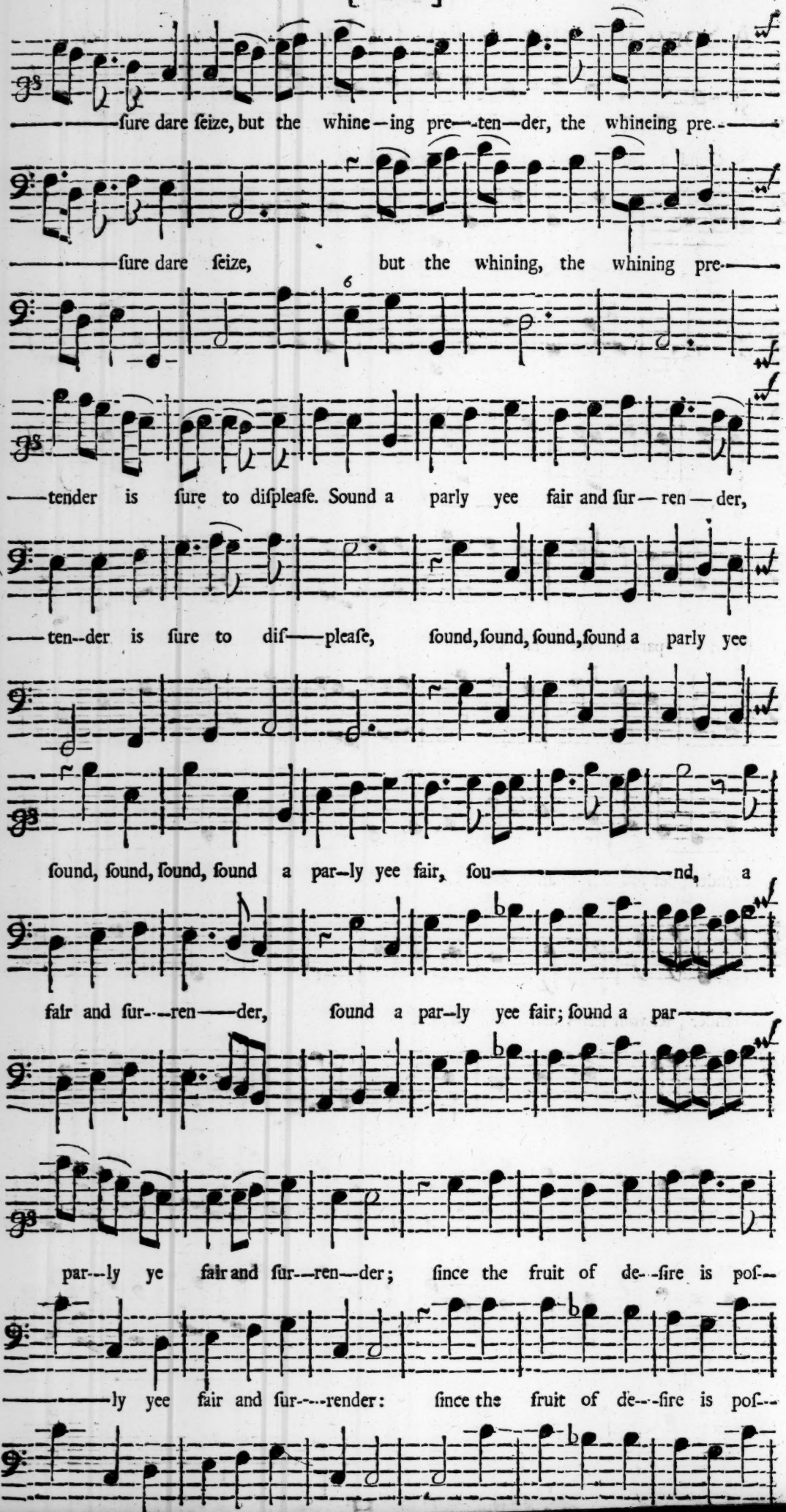


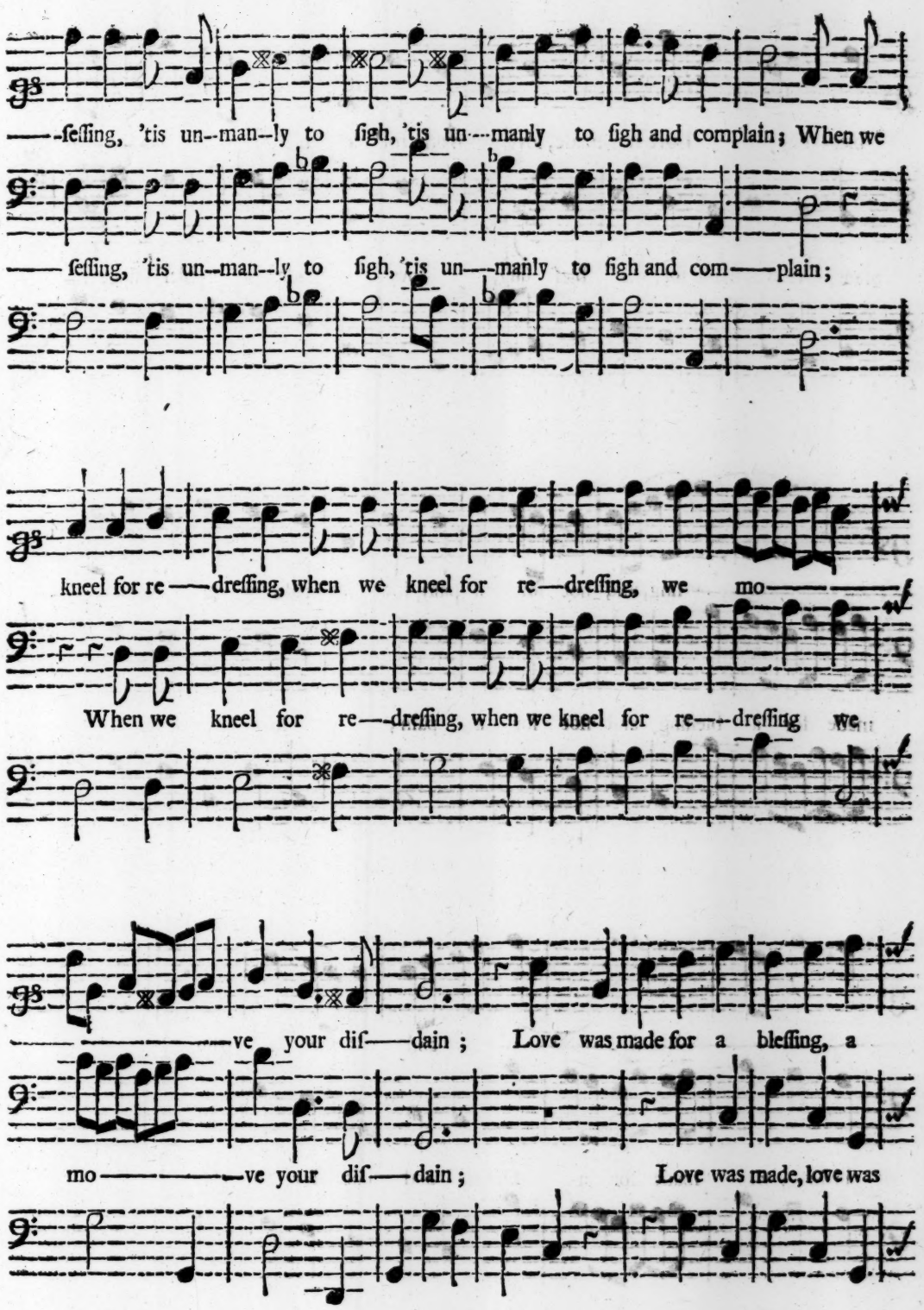
II.

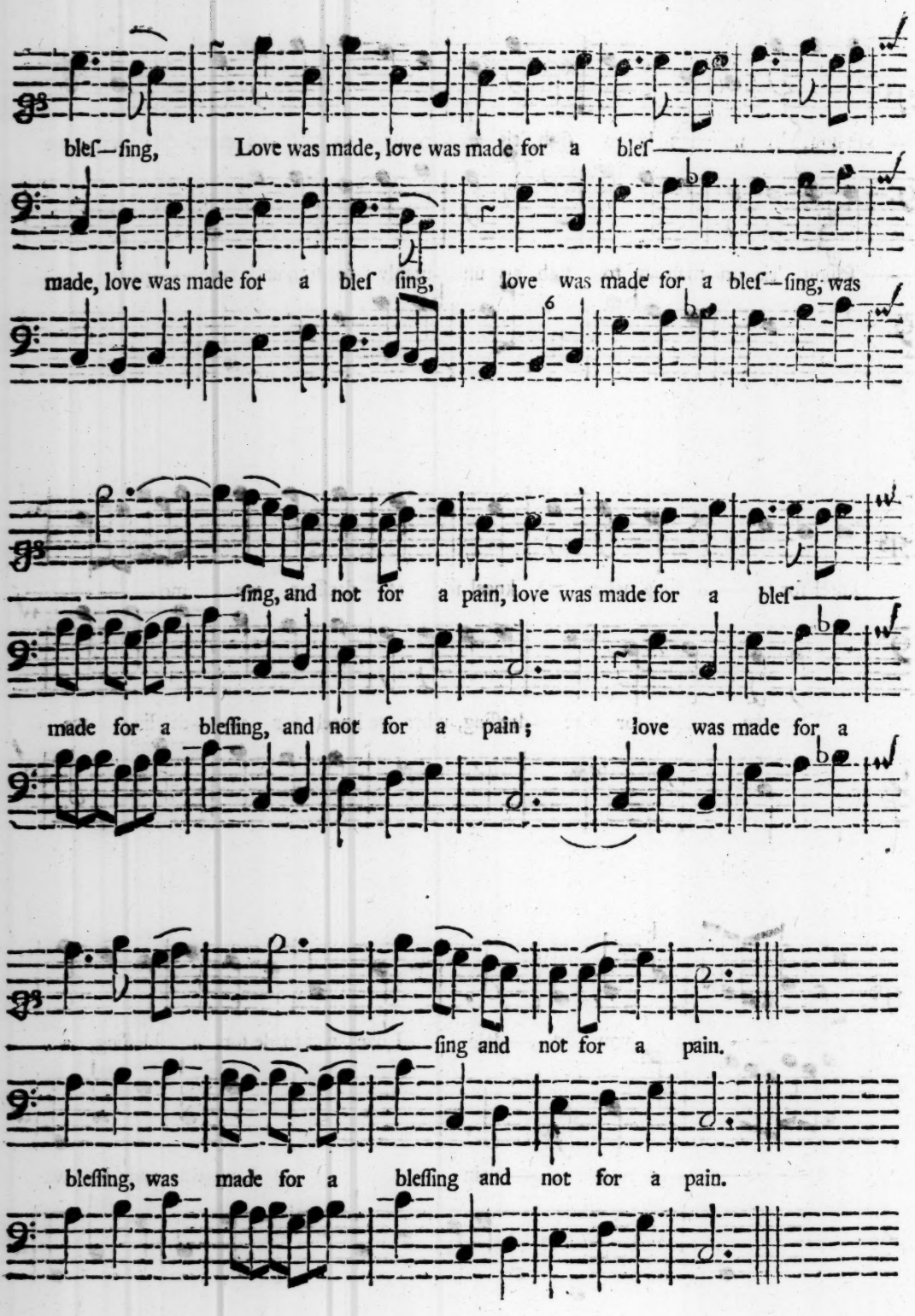
Where e're I go I view the Fair,
But ſtill my *Celia* does excell;
All beauteous Objects pleaſing are,
But ſhe the faireſt, ſhe the faireſt in my heart,
My heart doth dwell:
Since I am wounded with a Dart,
Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.

A Song in King *Arthur*, ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



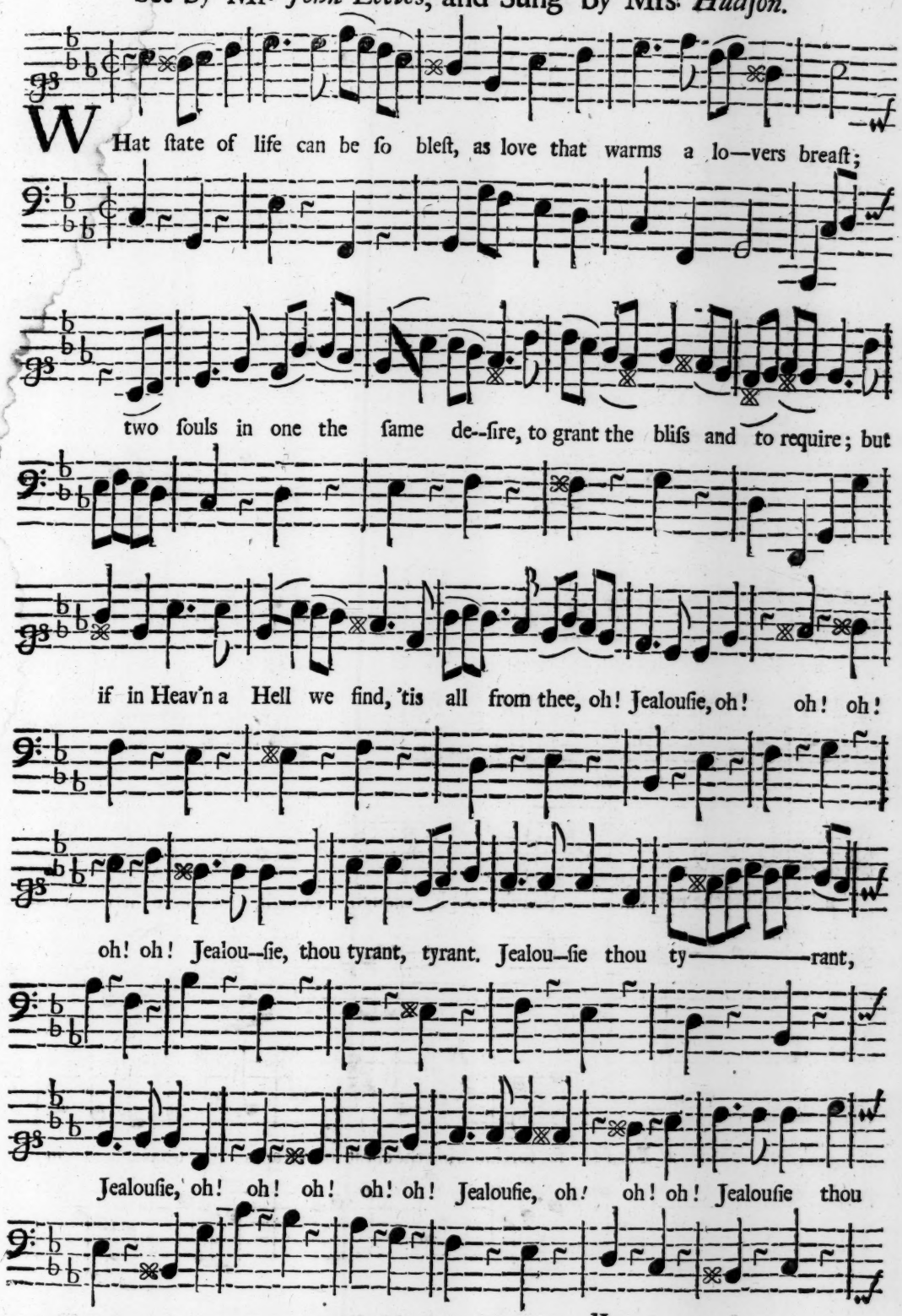

——ſure dare ſeize, but the whine—ing pre—ten—der, the whineing pre——
——ſure dare ſeize, but the whining, the whining pre——
——tender is ſure to diſpleaſe. Sound a parly yee fair and ſur—ren—der,
——ten--der is ſure to dif——pleaſe, ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a parly yee
ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a par--ly yee fair, fou————————nd, a
fair and ſur---ren——der, ſound a par--ly yee fair; ſound a par————
par---ly ye fair and ſur---ren---der; ſince the fruit of de---ſire is poſ--
————ly yee fair and ſur----render: ſince the fruit of de---ſire is poſ--


——ſeſſing, 'tis un--man--ly to ſigh, 'tis un---manly to ſigh and complain; When we
—— ſeſſing, 'tis un--man--ly to ſigh, 'tis un——manly to ſigh and com——plain;
kneel for re——dreſſing, when we kneel for re—dreſſing, we mo——
When we kneel for re—dreſſing, when we kneel for re——dreſſing we
——ve your diſ——dain; Love was made for a bleſſing, a
mo——ve your diſ——dain; Love was made, love was


bleſ—ſing, Love was made, love was made for a bleſ
made, love was made for a bleſ ſing, love was made for a bleſ—ſing, was
ſing, and not for a pain, love was made for a bleſ
made for a bleſſing, and not for a pain; love was made for a
ſing and not for a pain.
bleſſing, was made for a bleſſing and not for a pain.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*.



II.

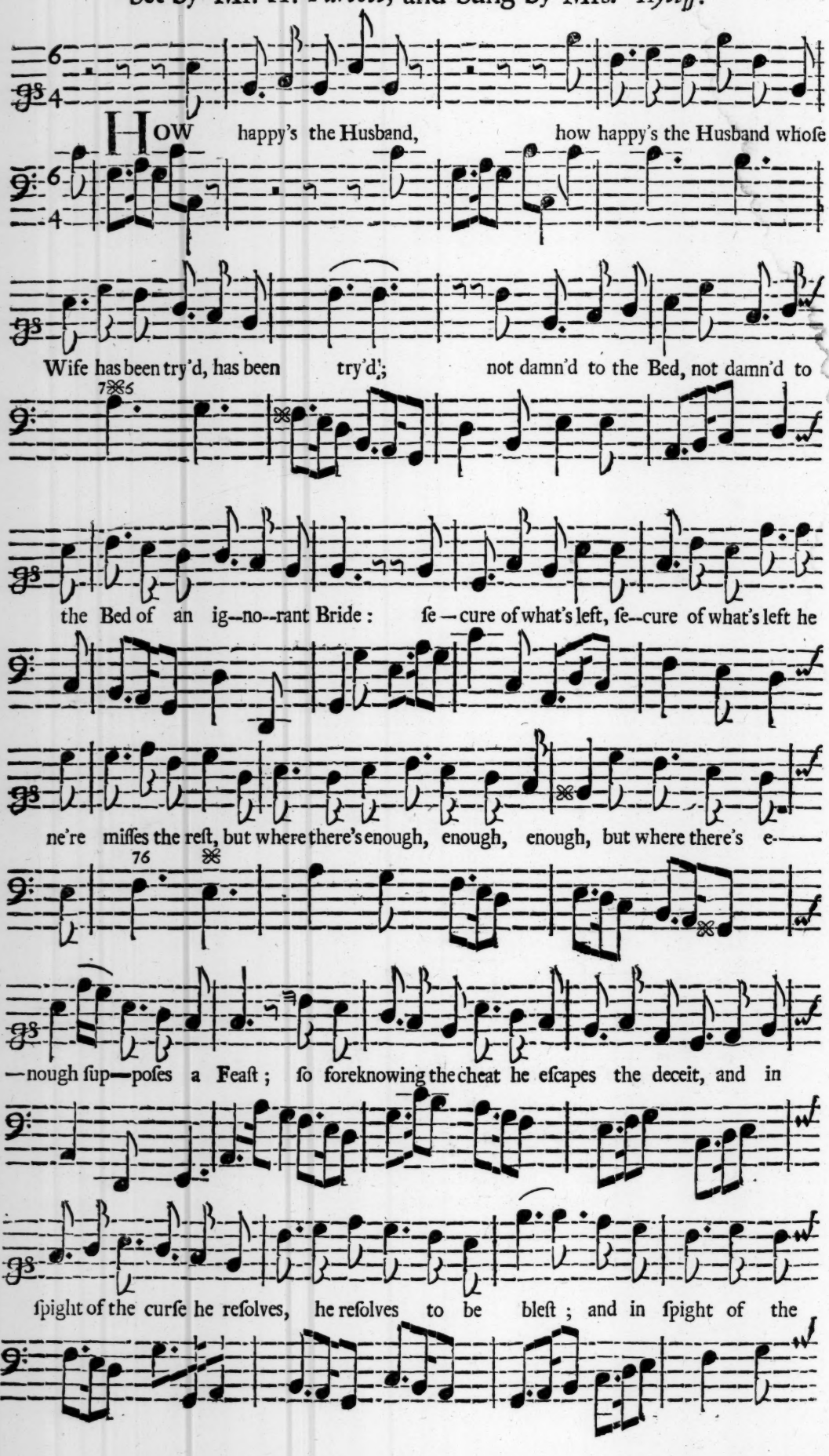
All other Ills tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In abſence or unkind diſdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain;
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free from Jealouſie. *Oh! oh! &c.*

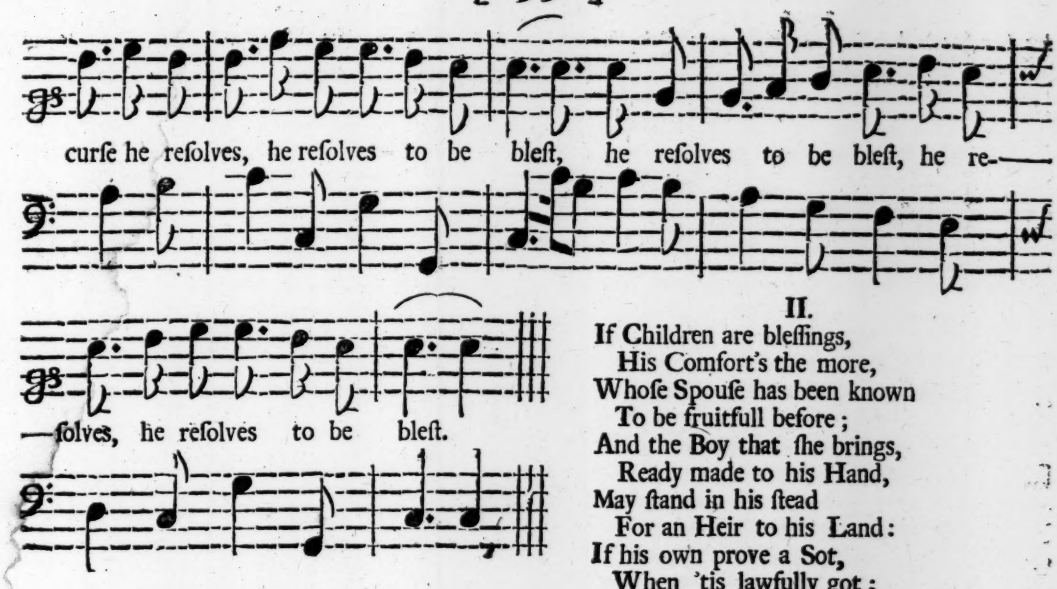
II.

Falſe in thy glaſs all Objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too farr,
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;
All Torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh! Jealouſie.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*, and Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*.

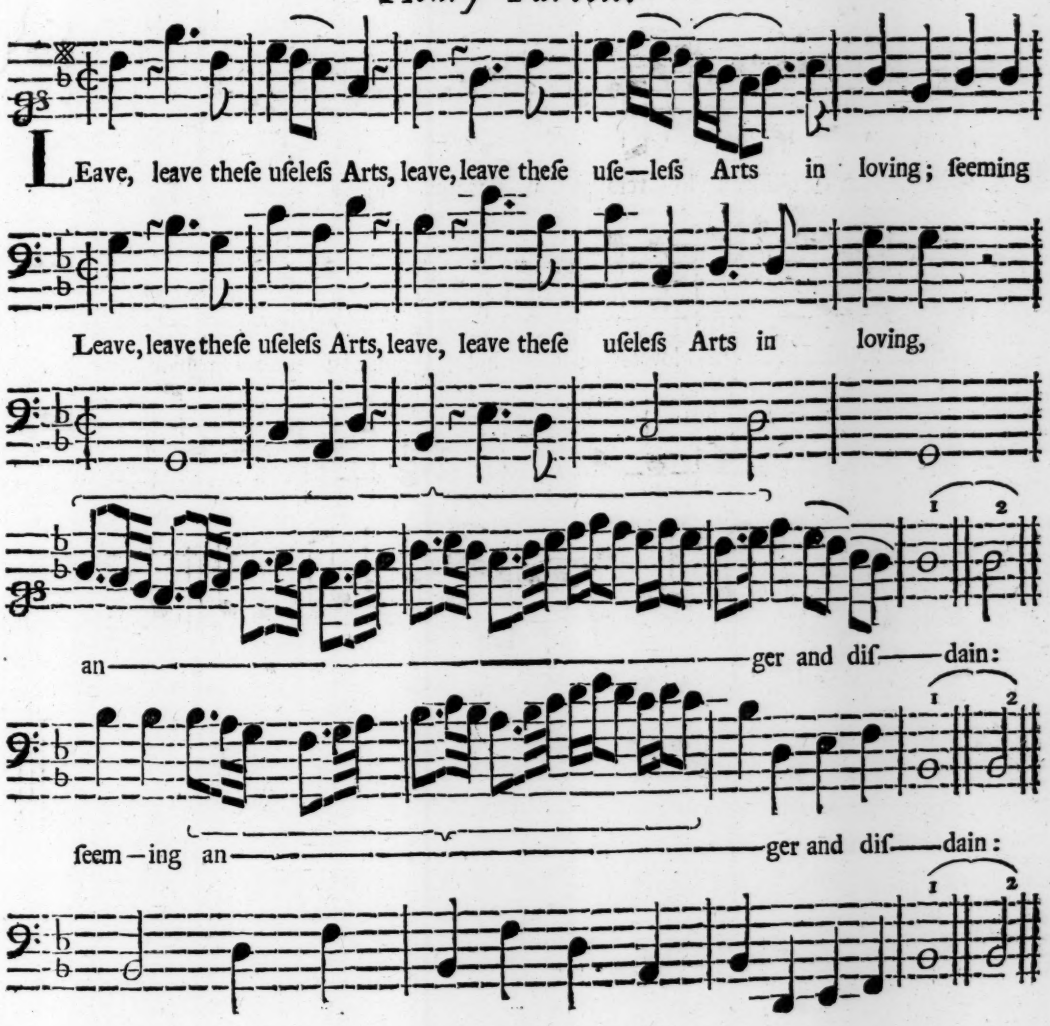


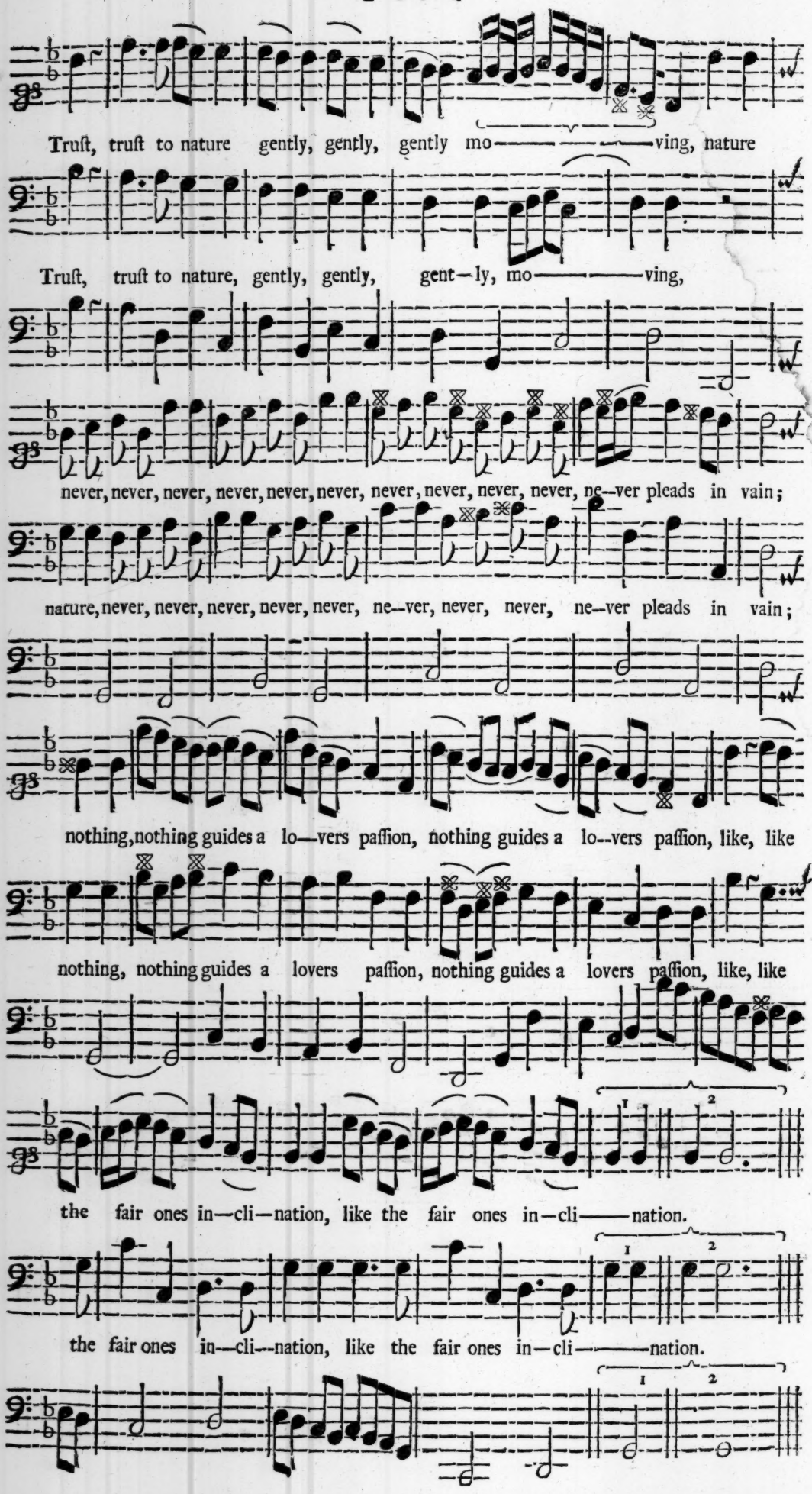


II.

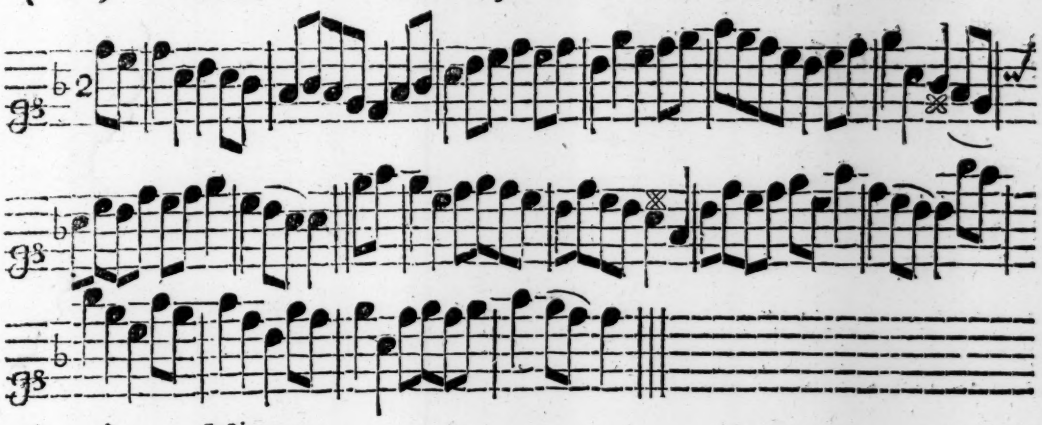
If Children are bleſſings,
  His Comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known
  To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings,
  Ready made to his Hand,
May ſtand in his ſtead
  For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
  When 'tis lawfully got;
As when e're it is ſo,
  If it don't I'le be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epſome-Wells* ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

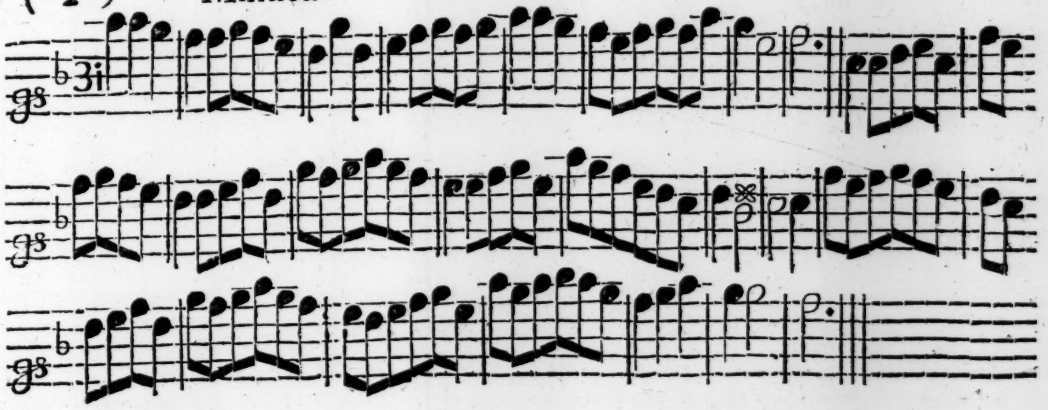



Truſt, truſt to nature gently, gently, gently mo——ving, nature
Truſt, truſt to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo——ving,
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne--ver pleads in vain;
nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne--ver, never, never, ne--ver pleads in vain;
nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers paſſion, nothing guides a lo--vers paſſion, like, like
nothing, nothing guides a lovers paſſion, nothing guides a lovers paſſion, like, like
the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli——nation.
the fair ones in—cli--nation, like the fair ones in—cli———nation.

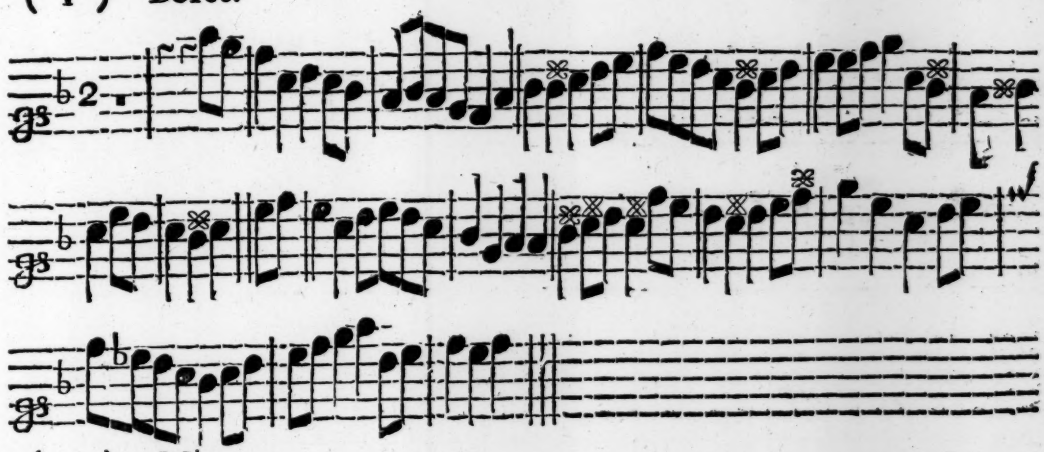
(1) Boree. Mr. *Baniſters* Firſt and Second Trebles.



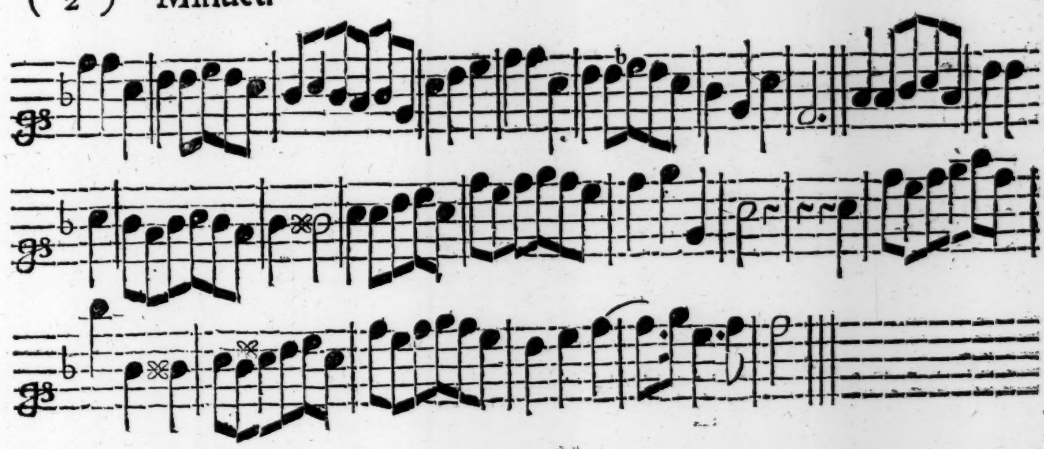
(2) Minuet.



(1) Boree.

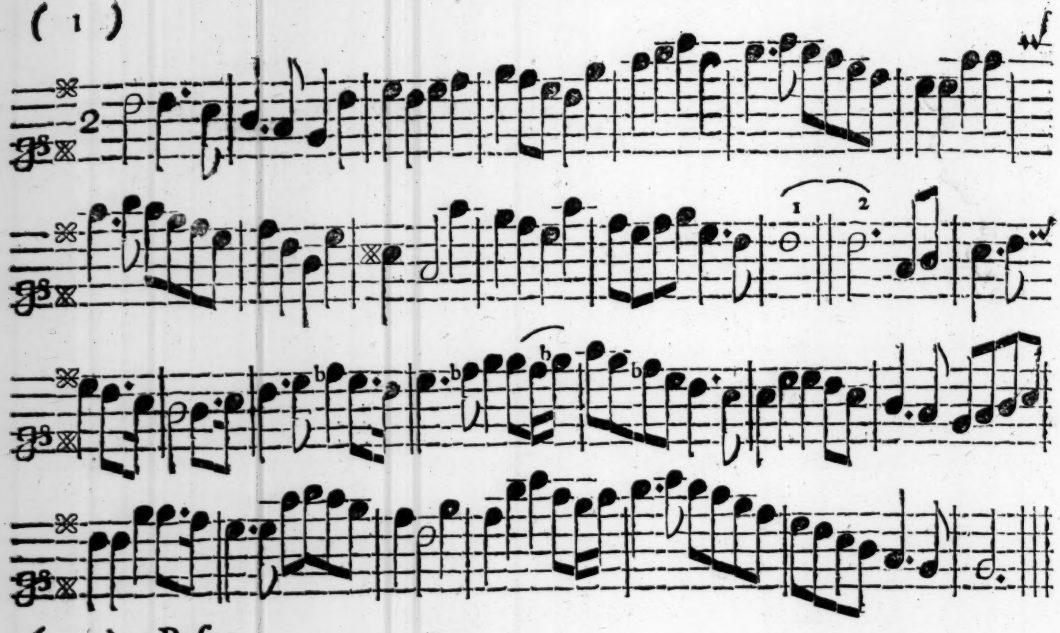


(2) Minuet.

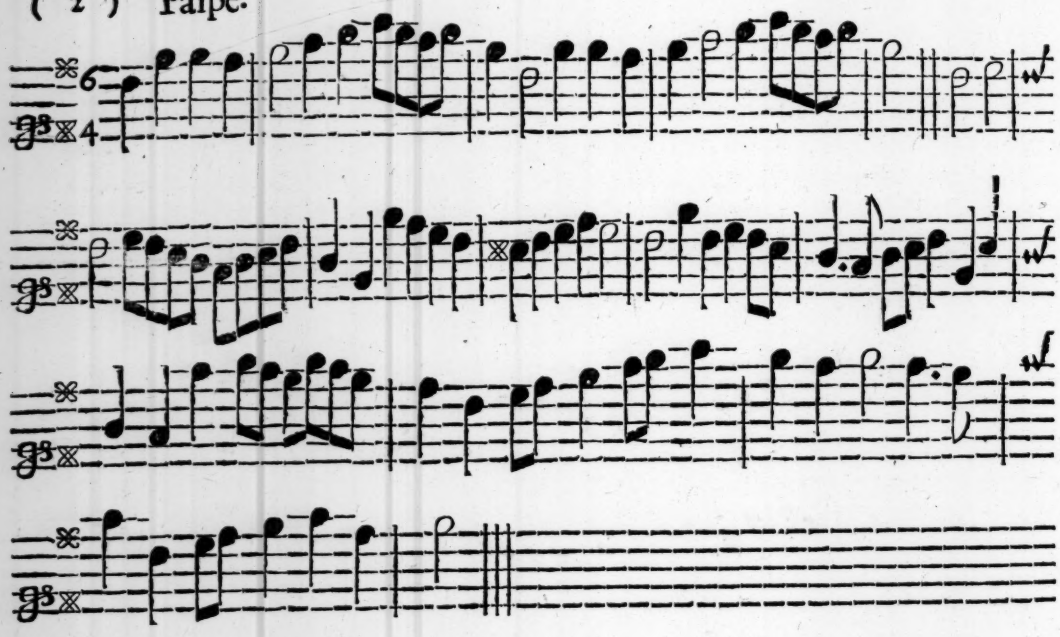


Mr. *Peſable*'s Firſt Trebles.

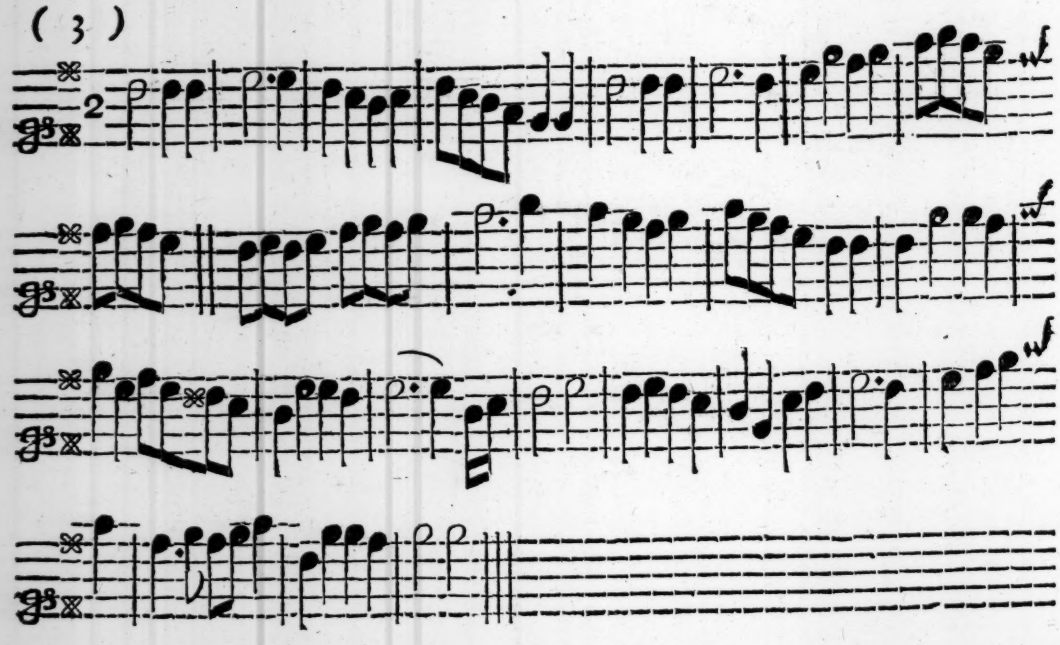
(1)



(2) Paſpe.

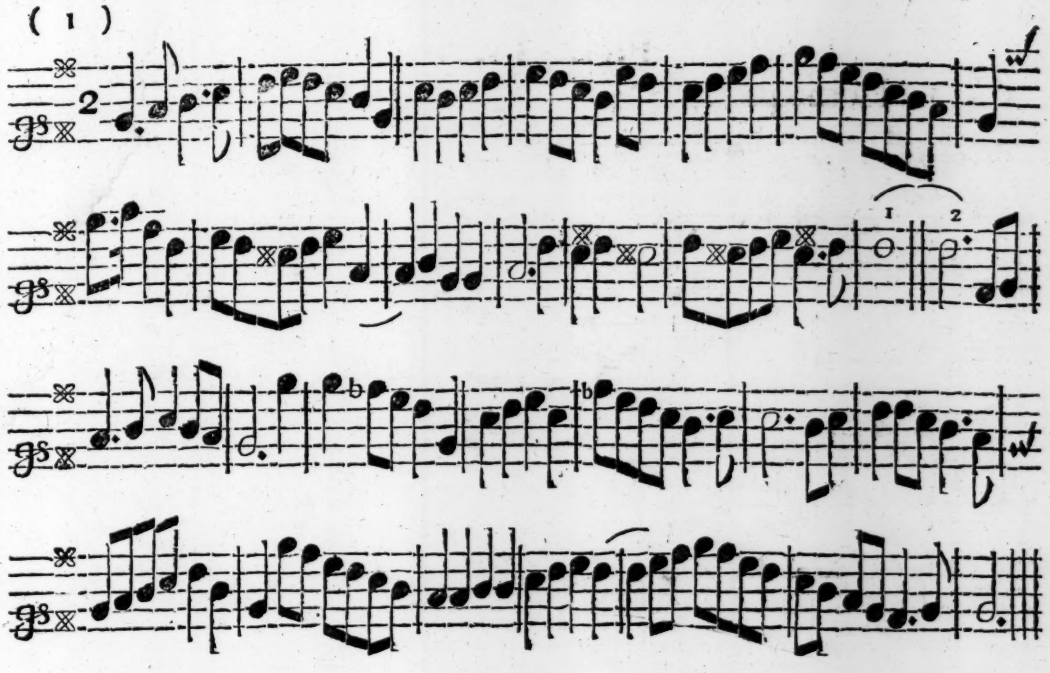


(3)



Mr. *Pesable*'s Second Trebles.

(1)



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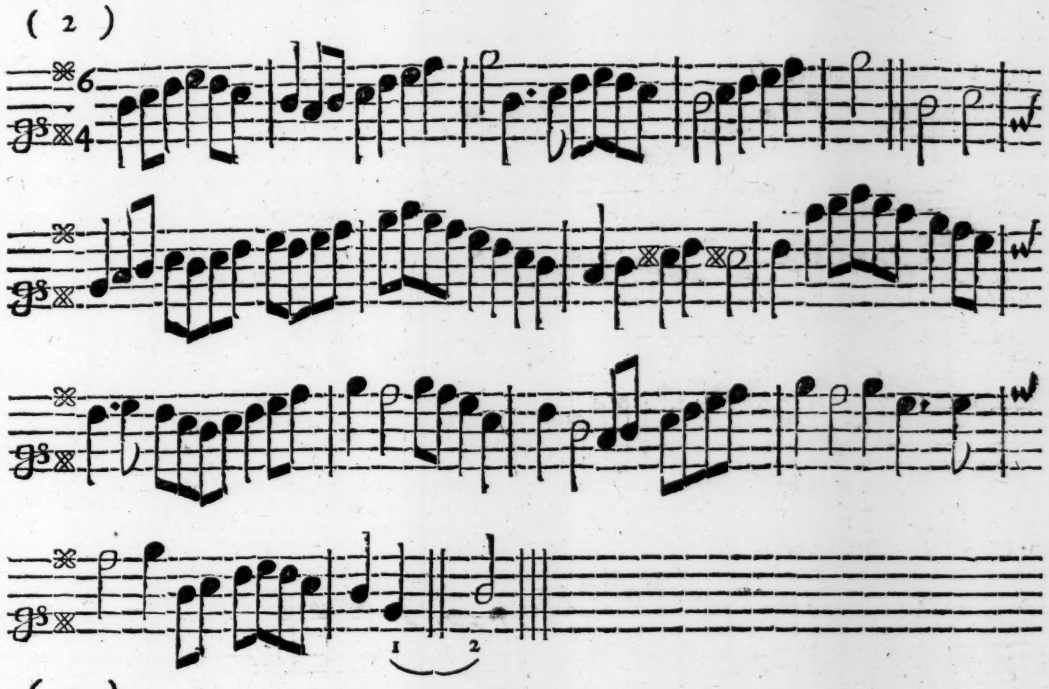
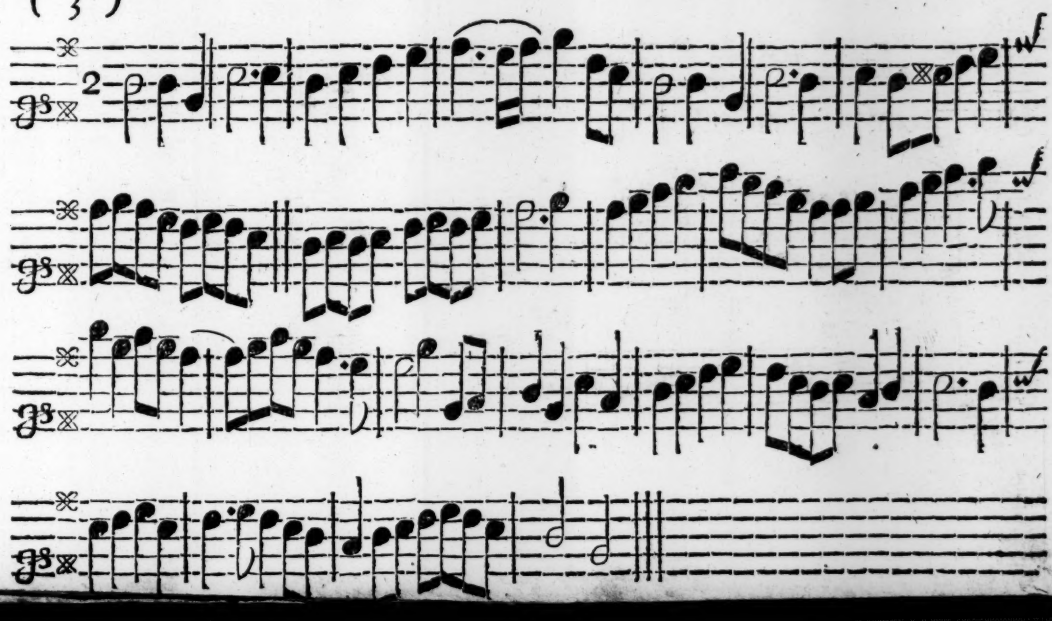
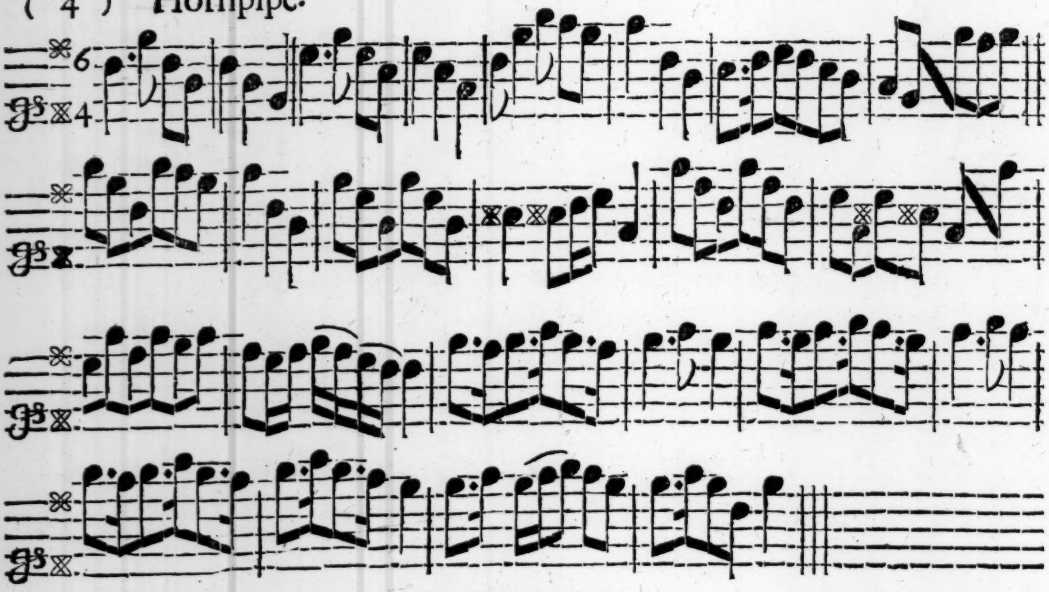


(3)



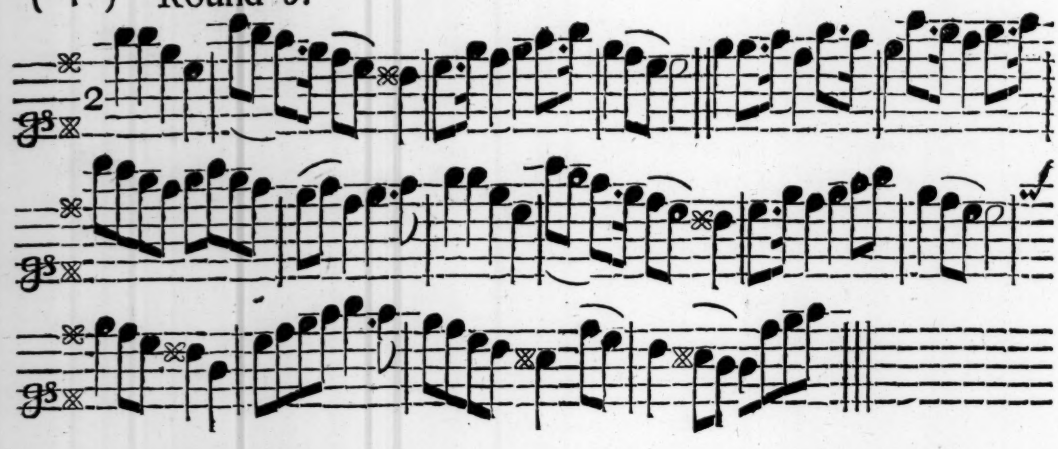
First Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

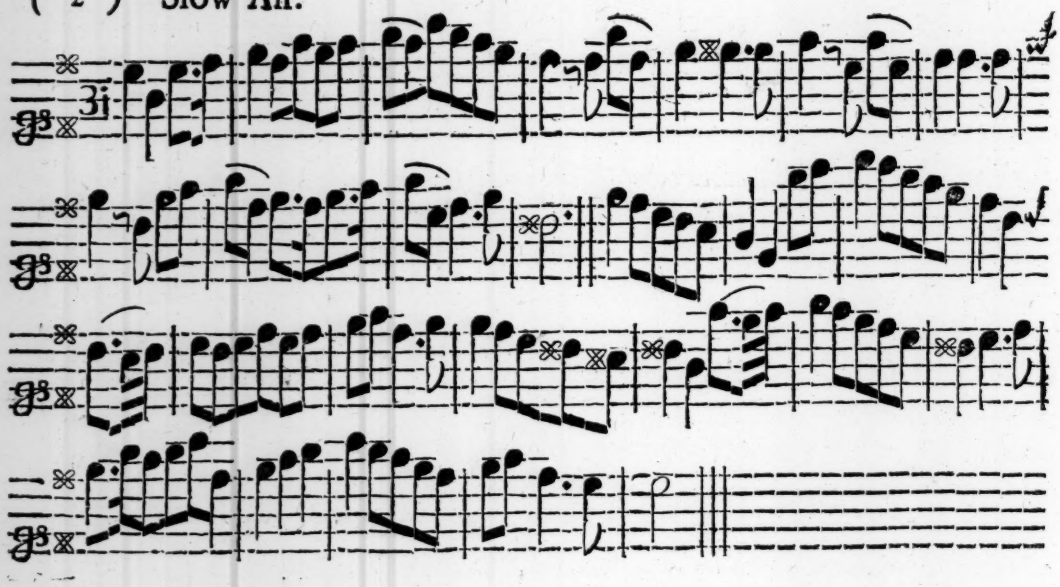


FINIS.

(1) Round *O.*

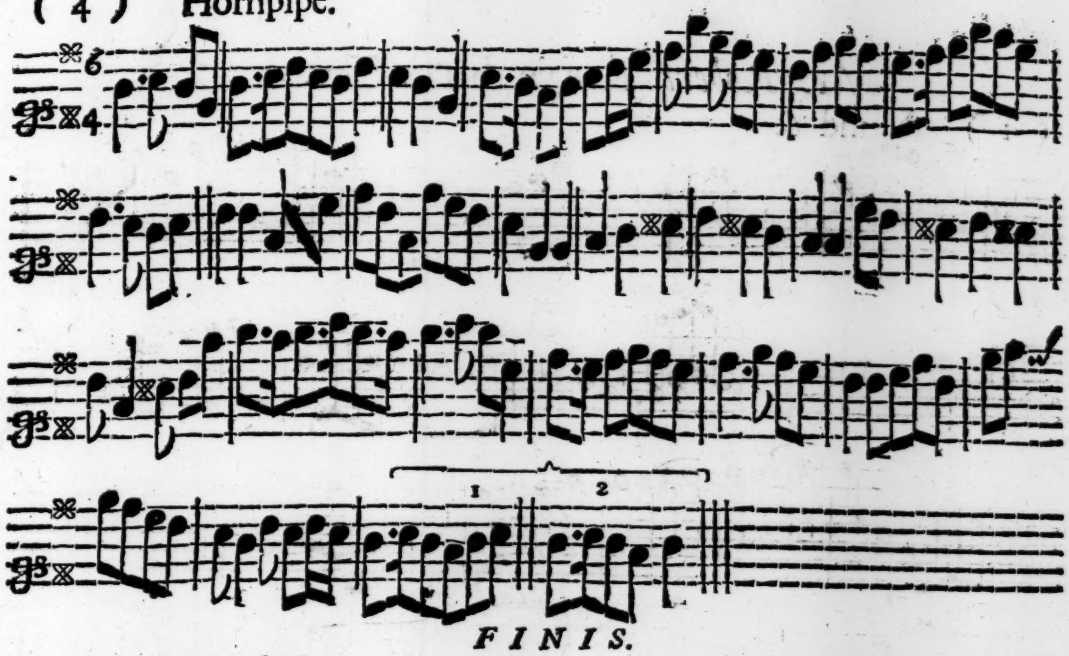


(2) Slow Air.



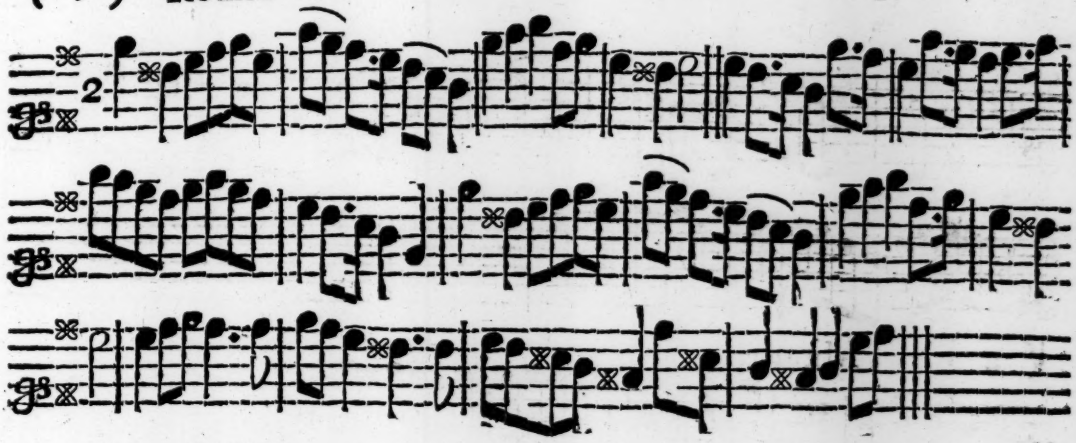
Second Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

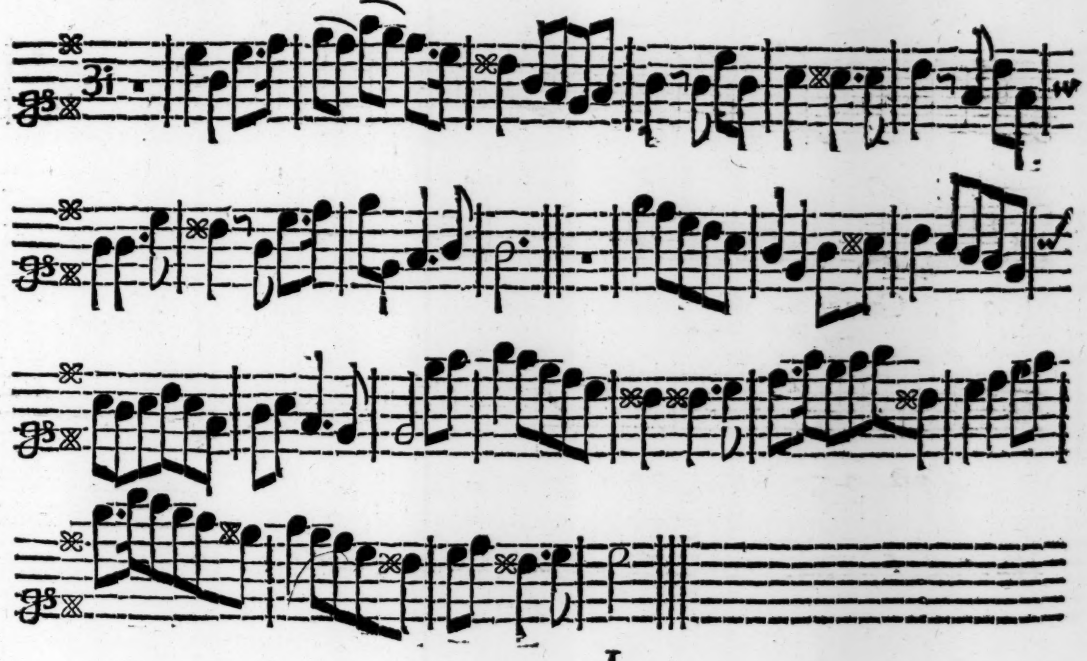


FINIS.

(1) Round *O.*

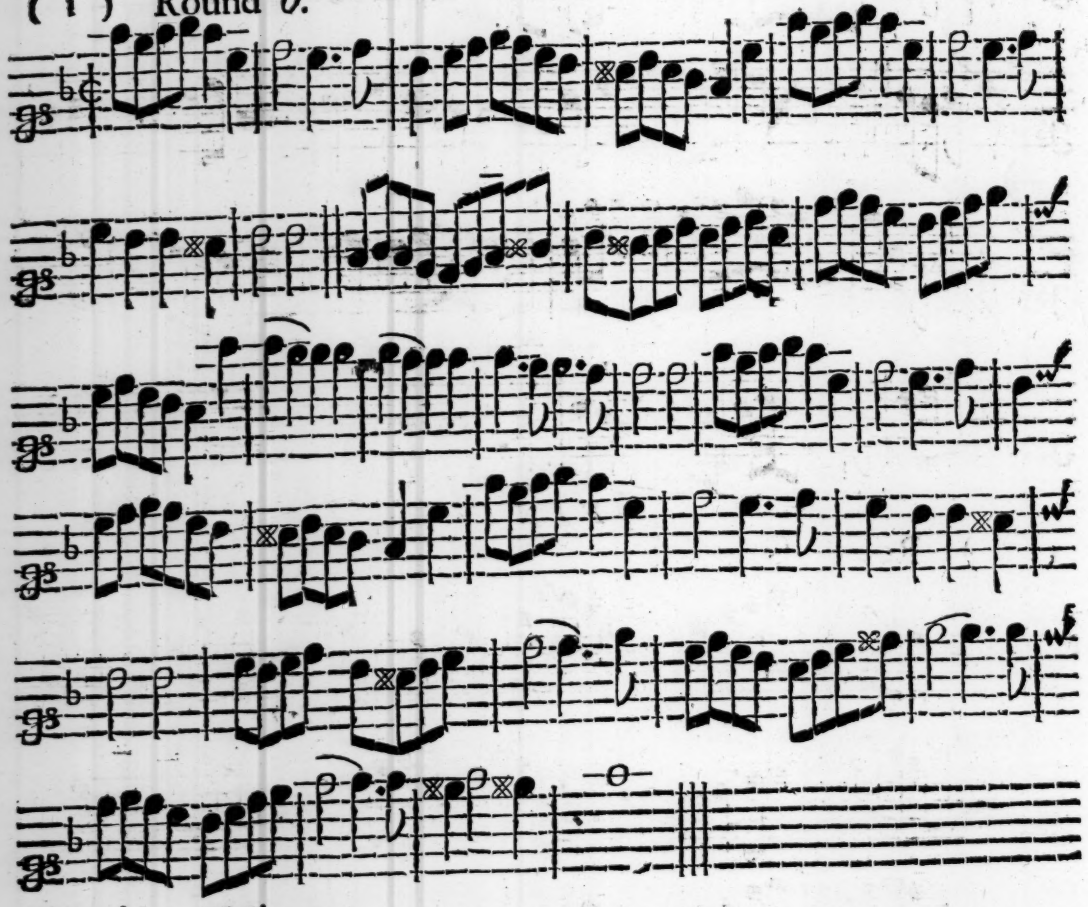


(2) Slow Air.

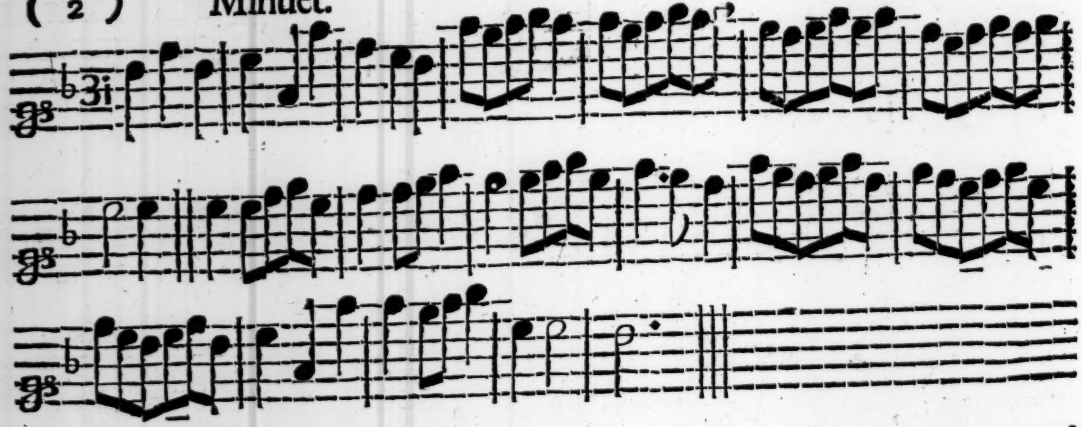


Mr. *Robert King*'s First Trebles.

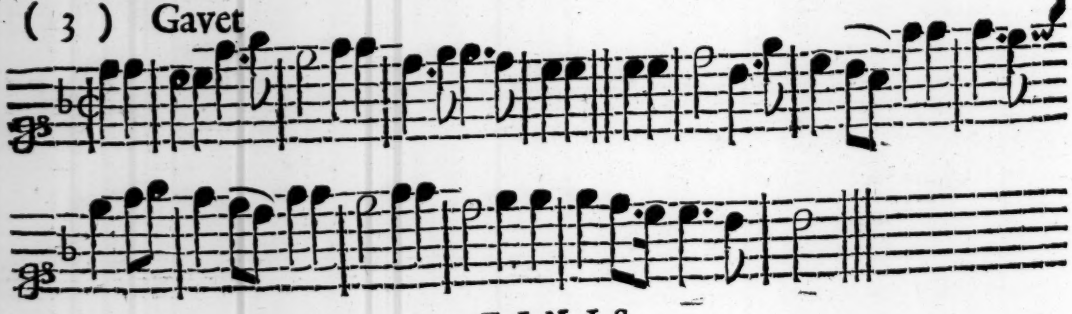
(1) Round *O*.



(2) Minuet.



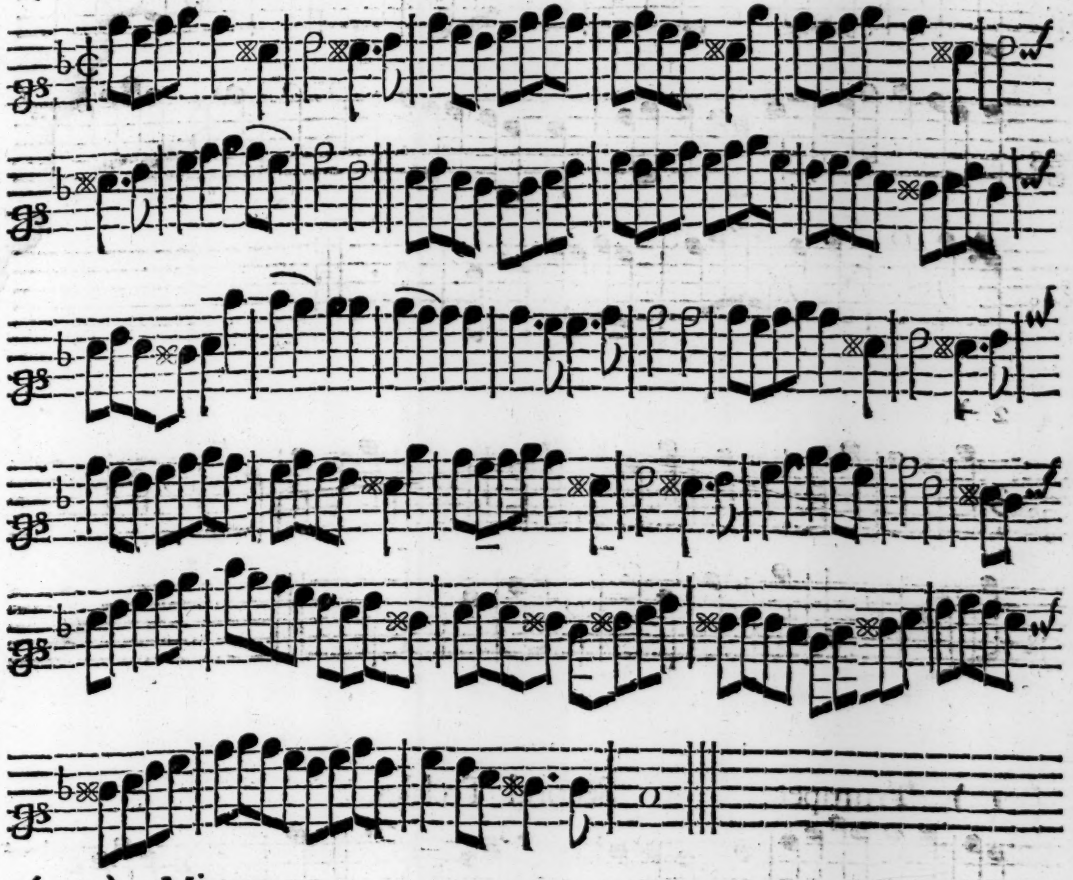
(3) Gavet



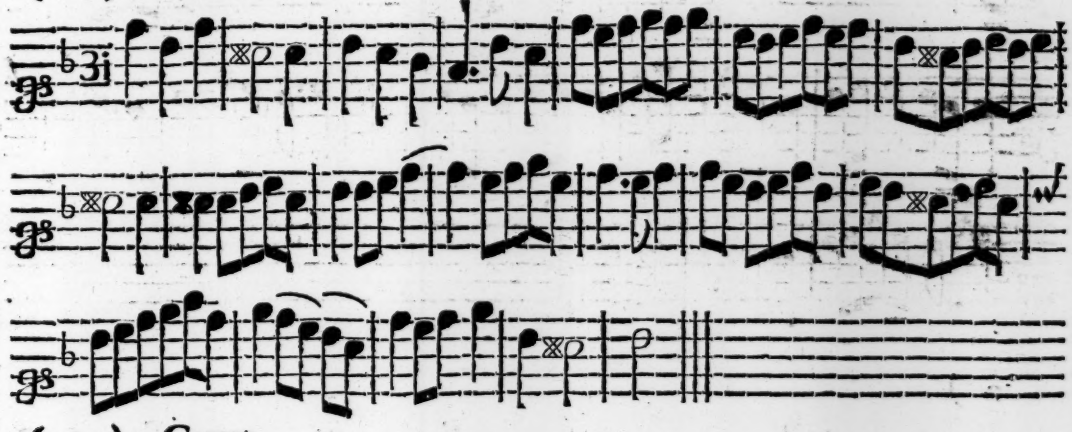
FINIS.

Mr. *Robert King*'s Second Trebles.

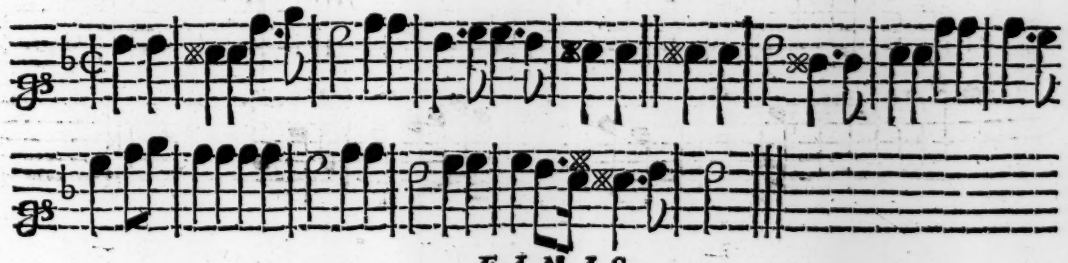
(1) Round *O.*



(2) Minuet.

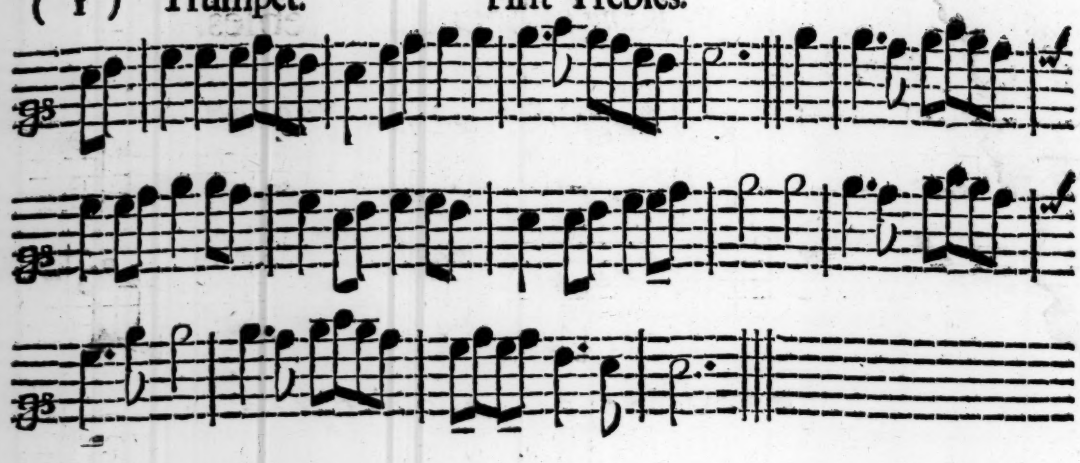


(3) Gavet.

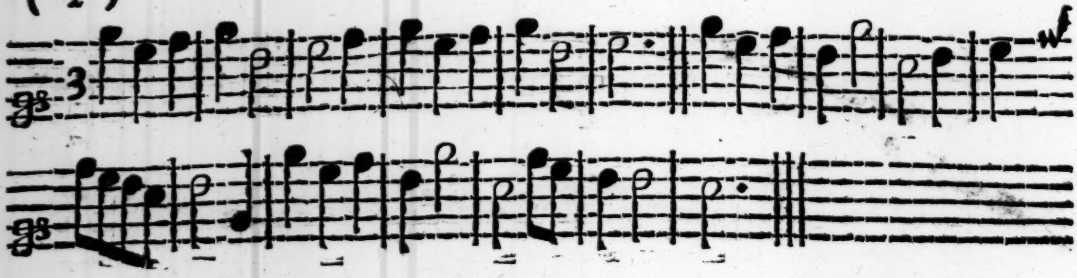


FINIS.

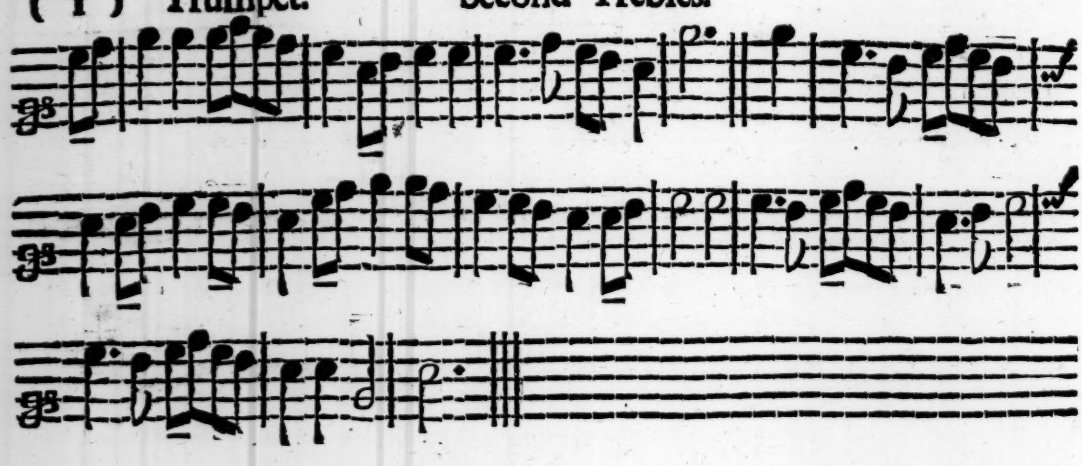
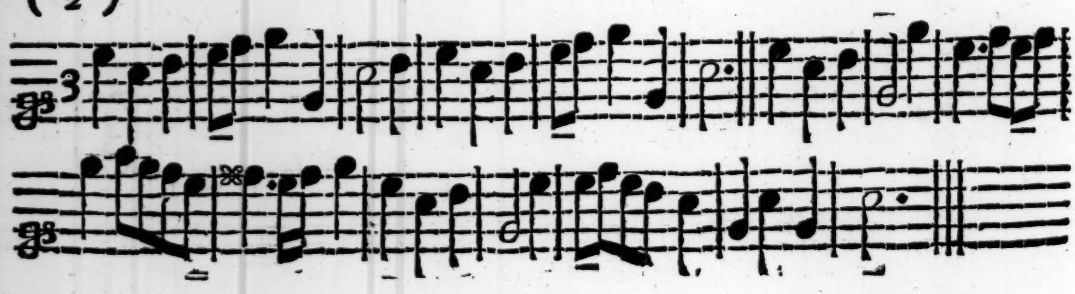
(1) Trumpet. First Trebles.



(2)



(1) Trumpet. Second Trebles.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